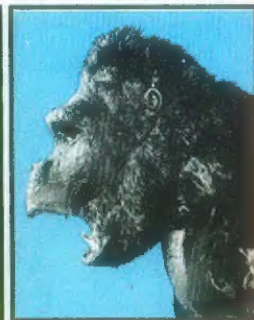


FAMOUS **OCTOBER K 50¢**
MONSTERS
OF FILMLAND

SPECIAL PHOTO FILMBOOK

**KING
KONG**

**A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED**





JOHNSON the TORrifying, the Biggest *Human Monster* on the Screen. His picture dominated our inside front cover twenty-five issues ago when we startled the world with the first filmonster magazine. Tor brought us luck & has always been a loyal friend to *FM* so we are repeating him in this special spot with a newly discovered portrait from *THE BLACK SLEEP*. May he—and we—still be the Biggest Thing around in filmonsters at the time of our 50th Issue!



INSIDE JAMES WARREN

Publisher's Preface At a conservative estimate, I have put more than 2 1/2 million copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS into circulation during its first 5 years. No other monster magazine can make that statement—but they probably will anyway, considering their carelessness with the truth and inability to accept the unpleasant (to them) fact that we were first and did start the trend. Also, it may have escaped your attention, but none of the other monster magazines has ever revealed its sales figures. We do, annually & proudly. At last report we were selling an average of 117,000 copies—an astonishing 25,000 copies more than the top-selling science fiction magazine. However, my ego-bruising editor will not let me get too swelled a head for he forces me to say that "This is not to imply that on an absolute scale of values we are better than Galaxy or Analog—we are not even competing with Pohl or Campbell's products and in fact are not even considered by the majority of s.f. fans to be in the s.f. field." Nevertheless, it is gratifying to me—and I am sure it is to the close to half a million of you who are close to FM—that my editor is helming a science-fantasy periodical (quasi tho it may be and cwasy

as it undeniably is!) with such an overwhelmingly popular appeal.

For better or blush, all the professional sci-fi publishers have their circulation figures right out in the open for comparison. I challenge the other monsterzines to stack theirs up against mine but doubt they will rush to do so. Out on the west coast recently, in the presence of a reporter for Science-Fiction Times, a usually reliable writer who has been a rather regular contributor to one of our "rivals" admitted that he was afraid their sales were only a very disappointingly low 40,000. This was a shocking revelation indeed concerning a "competitor" which was conceived in the conceit that it would immediately put all others in the shade, show FM its heels and demonstrate how a cinema horror publication should be handled, both editorially & visually. From the beginning they arrogated to themselves the title of "World's Greatest Monster Magazine" which is like the lower half of every double bill that is always called "Second Great Hit" regardless of its merit. The name without the game is not the same as an earned success. We believe we've earned ours but find it more telling to be told than to tell our own opinion.

James Warren
PUBLISHER

INSIDE GREENEST ACKERMAN

I am emerald with envy. My power mad publisher has gone & grabbed most of the space where I generally get to blow my toupee. Well, as long as he doesn't invade my domain more than once every 25 issues...

So: instead of answering at length Crankensteins who call me Communist or Dare John darers who bid with boring regularity for attention by swearing they know I'll never publish such a damning epistle; on this significant occasion I do want to utilize the little room left to ruminate about the fine helpmates I've got acquainted with since FM began. At the beginning of 1958 I'd never heard of Dan Levitt, John Brunas, Jim Adams, Jeff Knokey, Peter Claudius, Sam Thorpe, Chas. Osborne, David Stidworthy, Chris Collier, Gary Dorst, Mark McGee.

Clark Wilkinson, Ron Waite and a couple others whom I'm morally certain I'll give myself a Kong-sized kick in the kitchen for forgetting; I certainly want to express my appreciation on this joyous anniversary for the unusual amount of interest they have manifested in the magazine and for their continuous kindnesses & contributions above & beyond the call of duty.

Our Annual Weird Film Award is coming up—and we think we've picked a macabre movie that will prove a worthy successor to last year's PIT & THE PENDULUM and will prove a popular choice when our decision is announced.

Our 26th issue will be better than this one; our 27th better than the 26th; #28—well, it might slip a bit & revert to being merely sensational.

Seriously—have fun.
FORRY

post mortem



PRIZES this issue to C. E. LEWIS of Meade, Kans.; ANTHONY AMBROGIO of Warren, Mich.; HAROLD SOMMERFELDT of San Bruno, Calif.; & CHAS. P. JOHNSON of Omaha, Nebr.; each of whom receives a beautiful expensive still, suitable for framing, of the super-city METROPOLIS, as featured in our companion film magazine, **SPACEMEN**.

SON OF DOUBTING THOMAS

How can you prove you were the first filmonster magazine? Another horror movie magazine says you only think you were first.

FRANK TAYLOR
DAYTON, OHIO

● You've been Frank with me, Mr. Taylor; I'll be frank with you: I don't care for your question. And not for the reason you may think but for reasons of double-think. Your question doesn't embarrass me, it simply makes me feel that 1984 is almost here already, about 20 years early, and that those whom history doesn't suit are busy altering it, substituting falsities for facts. I'll be very direct about saying I don't appreciate the tone of your letter, its implication or its origin. This inquiry in one form or another is getting monotonous, irritating & insulting. In essence, it says Ackerman & Warren are liars. I wonder if, 5 short years after he created "Amazing Stories," Hugo Gernsback was japed at by the jealous who wanted to discredit him as the Father of Scientifiction? Or if, 5 years after they electrified the world with the voice of Al Jolson in **THE JAZZ SINGER**, Warner Bros. had to contend with carping critics claiming their Vitaphone had never launched the "talkies" at all? On some subjects it is possible to get into fine lines of honest disagreement on definitions but this charge about FM not being the first filmonster magazine is trumped up wholly out of unholy cloth. There were color films before the technicolor of **LA CUCARACHA** & **BECKY SHARP** (**THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** of 1929, for instance, was in color of a sort, and **THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM** in 1933) but it was only with **BECKY** in '35 that feature-length full-color films really began. There were experiments with 3D long before **BWANA DEVIL** but all responsible cinema historians give the **DEVIL** his due as the daddy of the 3D era. Look, Frank Taylor, we know what magazine you're quoting. They're afraid to mention our name in their pages, even going so far as to blot it out of a reader's letter, but we are not averse to giving credit where it is due: the publication in question is **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. It ranks right up there with **LIFE**, **TIME**, **COLLIER'S**, **LIBERTY**, **SATURDAY EVENING POST** and the all time greats, and its editor is a genius. Oh, you

don't have to take my word for it; I didn't expect you would. But on p. 84 of their 3d issue you have the best of all possible authorities for that statement—it's straight from the horse's mouth. Editor Calvin Thomas (Thos.) Beck has, in Calthos T. Nivlac (Nivlac is Calvin spelled backwards), chosen about as clumsily concealing a pseudonym to bestow every honor short of a Hugo & Pulitzer Prize on his modest person, as if I would fake a fan letter comparing the birth of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** to the creation of the Gutenberg Press and urge that the genius of Forrest J Ackerman be recognized by a grant from the Ford Foundation, and to all this egregious egoboo sign the name of Tserrof J Namrekca. I don't know who "Charlie Kane" is kidding with that kind of unearned praise but if any-

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK



● Based on Harryhausen's classic Cyclops, artist Hunnicutt envisions the visage behind the usually unruffled FJA mask when old Dr. Acula has got his dander up.

body ever calls me a genius—and I can't think of any reason they should—it is certainly not going to be J. Forester Eckman or one of my pen names. Note, if you will, how imitative even the department is in which COF's editor chooses to sound off against FMOF: our editorial feature is "Inside Darkest Ackerman"; theirs, "Inside Frankenstein" (only "Darkest" is missing to make the copy complete). Before they rebut that "Yes, but, Ackerman copied 'Inside Darkest Ackerman' from 'Inside Darkest Africa,'" that would be missing the point entirely. To take a mundane abbreviation from high-fidelity like "hi-fi" & see the possibility in an entirely different field of coining a catchy abbreviation suggested by it, that's true creativity and you

got "sci-fi" for science fiction. There was a series at one time—"New York Confidential," "Chicago Confidential," etc.—and the first time a sci-fi editor came up with the twist, "Mars Confidential," he was being original. Had another s.f. editor followed with "Venus Confidential," he would have created nothing. COF claims in its editorial: "There's a certain publication in our field (thanks for including us in the field which we found, discovered, stumbled upon or somehow created) which best exemplifies some of its inherent deficiencies by proclaiming & constantly reminding readers how it thinks it was 'first' and so forth & so on." First things first. What the "inherent deficiencies" are, since they aren't named, I wouldn't know. But I've called attention in my own editorials to types & boobies now happily largely things of the past. Does Frankenstein run a Castle so clean that it can afford to throw dirt at others? Let's see. Their Movieguide might almost substitute for a True or False Quiz. **ASSIGNMENT: OUTER SPACE** was a German-made space opera, they tell us. False; it was the dubbed version of the Italian film **SPACE MEN** which any reader of **SPACEMEN** could have told them. Again they get their countries mixed up when they call **BLACK PIT OF DR. M** a German horror melodrama. We thought everybody knew this was the American name of the Mexican movie whose original title translated into **THE MYSTERIES FROM BEYOND THE TOMB**. Apparently they didn't know **FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS** was an East German-Polish collaboration so they passed it off as simply "foreign." Similarly with the Danish product **JOURNEY TO THE 7th PLANET**. They really stubbed their toe on **THE MONSTER**, the Japanese film first called **THE SPLIT** and then changed to, of course, **THE MANSTER**. For such perfectionists they failed to mention that **NO PLACE LIKE HOMICIDE** was based on "The Ghoul," a travesty of **THE GHOUL** made in 1933 with Karloff, Thesiger, Ralph Richardson & Sir Cedric Hardwicke. They really goofed on reporting **THE PIT** as 3d in a series (Quatermass), as by then everyone knew the Dirk Bogarde-Mary Ure picture to which they referred had been title-changed to **THE MIND BENDERS** and had nothing to do with the admirable Q. series. Crime Marches On: in our March 1962 issue our news dept. was called **The Noose Reel**; in June 1963, **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, the magazine of such pretensions, comes out with—now check this for originality!—**Movie Noose Reel**! First giant scoop: Vincent Price is featured in **THE HORLA**. This is news? The picture had already played all over the country a month or more before. If you don't remember **THE HORLA**, it's because COF forgot to tell you the title was

(Continued on page 6)

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TWO FOR ETERNITY—
LON CHANEY & BORIS KARLOFF
Firmest Stars in the
Fanta-Film Firmament.
A Salute to the Two Great Souls
Whose Spirits Pervade
Our Every Page.



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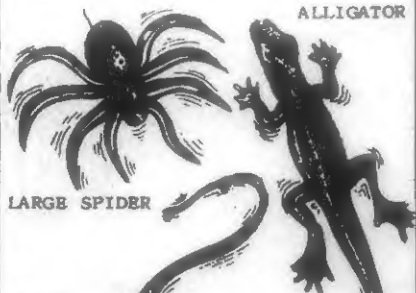
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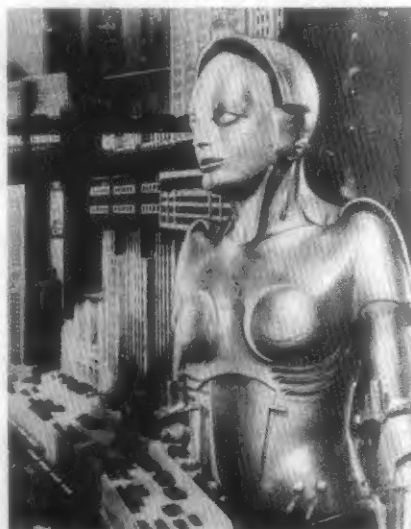
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(Continued from page 4)

changed to **DIARY OF A MADMAN**. (Just mark it down to one of COF's inherent deficiencies.) In June we are told **THE BIRDS** will be released "about a month from now" when of course we all saw it about a month before. What we told you in Dec. '62; namely, that Ray Harryhausen had married Diane Bruce; COF offers you as news in June '63 when in fact FM's readers had already seen a foto of Mrs. Harryhausen in our magazine in April! It makes one wonder what COF's source of "news" is, particularly when they report that Bert I. Gordon has announced plans to remake Fritz Lang's **METROPOLIS**. There is little exclusive in the way of news sources—the same half dozen movie "trade" publications may be scanned by any of us, plus daily newspapers—but in the case of **METROPOLIS** I'm rather skeptical that my friend Bert ever mentioned in public print that he was contemplating a remake of **METROPOLIS**. I believe that any such information reported anywhere originated from a telephone conversation with Gordon reported by me, wherein I encouraged him to consider the project & gave him some agentorial advice on how he might go about obtaining rights. If called upon to "testify," I believe Bert would recall my verbally describing the plot of the picture to him; he couldn't have forgotten my glowing & enthusiastic account! COF calls **KING KONG** vs.

AS THE LIGHTNING BUG SAID, "WHEN YOU GOTTA GLOW, YOU GOTTA GLOW!"



● And here's a montage from the movie Forry's eternally aglow about, **METROPOLIS**; about which you may learn more in the "current" **SPACEMEN**.

GODZILLA a hit without seeing it. A Man in A Shaggy Brown Flannel Suit is an all wrong approach to Kong to begin with, as far as I'm concerned, but I'm waiting till I've seen the pic before I pronounce it either a hit or a miss. And to this end, grateful thanks to Universal-International Studios' co-operative Publicity Dept., with whom I've arranged for a hundred local FM fans to see a freeview (that's a nonpay preview) on the 25th of June, so by the time you read this issue I expect we'll know what Mrs. O'Brien, Marcel Delgado, Wendayne Wahrman, Wm. Nolan, Walt Lee, Mark McGee, Ray Bradbury, David Peres-lete, Eric Hoffman, AE van Vogt & 90 others thought of it. To continue: COF gives you "Son of Chaney" in its issue which went on sale

famous monsters of film land

GIANT LIFE SIZE FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP

DRAWN BY

JACK DAVIS



6 FEET TALL!

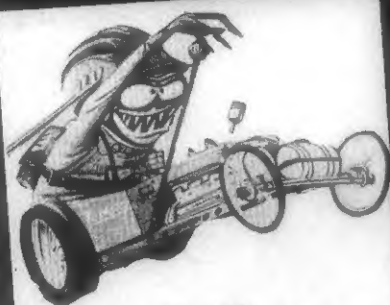
Never anything like it before! A gigantic, unbelievable drawing of the **FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER**, over 6 feet tall—by America's greatest cartoonist-artist **JACK DAVIS**. This is the most striking thing you ever saw! A masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it. The **FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP** will supply 100 hours of laughs and thrills: have your picture taken alongside your favorite ghoul; scotch-tape it to the inside of your bedroom or den door; put it between someone's bed sheets, or just pin it on the wall. A million dollars worth of value for a low, low price! Order your's now—supply limited.

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in June '63; FM gave you the Chaney Jr. story more than 2 years earlier. You Saw it before in FM: their Chaney Sr. foto on p. 23 was in our Sep. '60 issue; Frankenstein foto on their Table of Contents was in our first issue, 5 years ago!; their BLACK ZOO pic on p. 52 we gave you the month before; their FIRST FRANKENSTEIN foto?—as you know, we gave it to you 6 weeks earlier; their HANDS OF ORLAC pic, p. 26, in our Apr. '63 issue; MAD LOVE foto on p. 27—was seen in our pages in Sep. '62; the Karloff Frankenstein foto on p. 5 we had in print in our Sept. '62 number; while TRIFFIDS-wise we beat them to coverage in both FM & SM. All this prelude and I haven't even got to the meat of the matter! I am going to interrupt this reply to Mr. Taylor's letter (did you ever hear of a serialized answer?!) and conclude with COF next issue. It is a cheerless chore to chop the competition and I fear my letter writers might rather hear themselves talk than me. I didn't start out to crucify COF, and apologize if FM readers feel I've devoted too much time to an unworthy topic. But the genius behind COF shouldn't've picked on (as I believe the late HPLovecraft once called me) Effjay the Terrible. The coup de grace, I promise, will be quicker. Anti-climatical PS: COF switches back & forth on the same page between the spelling of CAPTAIN SINBAD and CAPTAIN SINDBAD but at least is consistent in misspelling Claude Rains' name Raines thruout the issue.

AN EXPERT SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE

I have never written to any magazine before. And I propose this to be my one & only time to do so, but—I have had it! For some time now there has been some sort of ravenous monster gnawing at my vitals & seems the only way I can destroy it is to get it out of my system by writing you. I do not claim to be an authority on monster movies or any other kind, in fact, and my association & connection with movies of any kind is practically unknown to some people. I am a projectionist & have been for nearly 40 years. I believe my many years spent in the projection booths of various theaters should qualify me to make known my personal feelings concerning any type of motion pictures as I have run nearly everything that ever came out on film since the days of the old silent flickers. I remember running the original LOST WORLD in 1925 or '26; silent, of course, in those days, I also remember all too well how one of the projector motors broke down on that picture and I had to crank the film thru for 3 matinees & nite shows! I well remember the original DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, which starred Fredric March, I believe, & the original FRANKENSTEIN & MUMMY series starring Boris Karloff & Lon Chaney Jr. To this day those 2 have remained my favorites. Only a couple years ago I was fortunate enough to obtain a print of FRANKENSTEIN & BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, also THE MUMMY & THE MUMMY'S CURSE, to run for a Halloween show & not 1 of over 400 patrons, teenagers & adults alike, left before all 4 features were finished. The older adults all said they enjoyed seeing these old horror movies over again & the teenagers said they didn't believe they made such good movies in those days & that it was like being taken back into the time of their parents' youth. I only recently ran, to

(Continued on page 76)

THE CRAWLING HAND!

TURN ON the switch and watch! THE HAND comes to life! THE FINGERS flex as the hand starts to walk across the room. The large ring on the third finger sheds a light of erie horror over the room. The silent life-like plastic hand, made of latex rubber with a bandaged wrist, stalks across the room and only YOU know where it came from. Only \$4.95 plus 50c for postage and handling.

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FUTURE-TENSE!

'ten-shun! can your calendar take it? The month-stars are on the move... toward the movie screens! from robots in octOBOR to madoctors in NOVember... creeping ahead to Disember, the month of Kharis Mass... and into the new year of nineteen sixty-fear!



Mel Ferrer in new HANDS OF ORLAC.

frank & drac are coming back!

Here's news to make your heart... *Hammer!*

Scoop # 1: your favorite English filmmonster makers, following their release of their horrifying KISS OF THE VAMPIRE and their remake (in technicolor with mutants added) of H. Rider Haggard's classic SHE;—your favorite English monster filmmakers will produce:

DISCIPLE OF DRACULA!

And that's not all.
That's only the half of it.
The beast is yet to come:

Having chilled you with THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and re-chilled you with THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Hammer aims to freeze your marrow with:

THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN!

She's back—and Robt. Bloch has got her! Yes, "Djinn" Crawford herself has been signed to star in STRAIT-JACKET, the next Wm. Castle production, by Bob (Our Man in the Black House) Bloch. Bob himself phoned me the good news, saying he had just spent an exciting week in New York where a face-to-face meeting took place with Joan Crawford, who caught on

fire over the script & was hot to star in it. Miss Crawford has the distinction of having acted with Lon Chaney Sr. himself in one of his silent pictures, and reminisced about the great Midnite Clown with Bloch.

As FM #24 was going to press, Bob Bloch had called me to say that Joan Blondell would be cast in his STRAIT-JACKET; but now that Joan Crawford has assumed the role, Joan Blondell has been freed for immediate occupancy of NIGHTMARE HOUSE. Described as "a shocker", this Yucca Flats Production was scheduled to roll on 24 July.

Same new filmmakers—Yucca Flats—have announced they have "2 sci-fi thrillers" in preparation for mid-fall

starts, **THE WORLD IS FALLING IN** and (it's gotta be a comedy?!) **THE COMING OF THE CRITTERS**.

In the 20s they used to say, "Don't step on it—it may be Lon Chaney!" Now Elsa (The Pride of Frankenstein) Lanchester is getting into the act. In **THE RAVEN**, Peter Lorre turned into a bird; in **IT'S ALIVE**, Lorre's co-star Elsa Lanchester is, according to Richard Matheson's script, scheduled to turn into a . . . spider!

Speaking of live ones, scripter Chas. Beaumont must be riding a bi-psycho built for two, considering all the screen-playwrighting he's doing for various studios. After finishing the **DR. LAO** (no son of **DR. NO**) script for Geo. Pal, he's been assigned the job of reviving the wily Oriental would-be world dictator, Dr. Fu Manchu, for a remake of MGM's **MASK OF FU MANCHU** (in which Karloff starred in '32); then somewhere along the line he's got to find time to script **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** for American-International. This Poe pic is the one that *FM's* make-up contest winner Val Warren is scheduled to have a part in—write in a good one for him, busy Mr. B!

Walter Wanger gave us (for which we are eternally grateful) an *excellent* horror-scientifilm in **THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**.

Many years earlier, Eugene Frenke produced **LIFE RETURNS**, a fictional treatment of immortality potentials with a factual inclusion of footage on the then-famous dog which had been experimentally put to death & scientifically revived.

Now, I am delighted to report, these 2 producers—Wanger & Frenke—are joining forces to film **SYLVIA**, a fantasy novel by French author Vercors, whose previous novels have dealt in depth with the question of man-ape or ape-man? (in "You Shall Know Them") and, oddly enough, the subject of immortality ("The Insurgents"). When Wanger's office called me for a copy of the book several months ago, I refreshed my memory of **SYLVIA** by scanning quotations on the jacket, some of which I quote to you now in order to give you an idea of the unusual treat in store when the story is filmed: "**SYLVIA'S** adventure is an abridgment of human history since the age of the caveman" . . . "it's the fantastic story of a fox changed into a woman" . . . "bizarre, fantastic, evocative". I wish they could find another Simone Simon for the role—or get Brigitte Bardot.

your cinema fare: it's cinema fear!

Here is your Shocklist of monster, horror, sci-fi & supernatural pix to come:

THE DAMMED, adapted from H. L. Lawrence's novel "The Children of Light". (Continued on page



Can the Strongest Man on Earth defeat this Monster? He probably can. But you may want to see **HERCULES & THE CAPTIVE WOMEN** anyway. In Technicolor & Technirama, with Reg Park & Fay Spain.



THE STORY OF THE GOBLIN CAT (Japanese)—subject of an exciting new writing Contest in a Near Future Issue!



MONSTROSITY! A Cinema Ventures Production (1963) released thru Emerson Film Enterprises.



A classic example of Before & After in these scenes from Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, one of the 3 horror stories constituting Hawthorne's TWICE TOLD TALES. (United Artists release.)

(Continued from page 9)

CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED, sequel to **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED**, started production in England on 16 May.

LILITH—which girl is stranger . . . she or **SYLVA**? We'll probably know about **LILITH** first, as the filming of her story started on 6 May.

TARZAN'S 3 CHALLENGES: "It is a fresh, interesting story, with impressive, useful backgrounds, and done on a level of intelligence acceptable to the small fry and to their elders alike. Mahoney is . . . a real person, not a stereotype, but faithful to Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable creation"—**HOLLYWOOD REPORTER**. "Probably one of the best installments in the 44-year-old, 34-chapter-old screen series"—**DAILY VARIETY**. Running (climbing, swinging & fighting) time: 92 mins. Next stop for Tarzan: Cambodia.

KEEPER OF THE 5th DIMENSION: a Bengal International Pictures project for which Glenn Strange's name has been mentioned as the potential monster.

BLACK CHRISTMAS—this is the *latest* title change (at time of going to press) on the Karloff film previously known as **BLACK SABBATH**, **FEAR** and **THE 3 FACES OF TERROR**. This is the 3-in-1 film by **BLACK SUNDAY** director Mario Bava, based on Tolstoi's "The Wurdalak", Chekhov's "A Drop of Water" & "The Telephone" by Snyder.

GHOST AT NOON will do the imagination a favor by letting all fantasy fans see as an actor the venerable director of **SIEGFRIED**, **METROPOLIS**, **M**, **WOMAN IN THE MOON**, etc.—Fritz Lang.

The Genie is scheduled to pop out of the **BRASS BOTTLE** in Oct. Another appropriate Halloween offering will be **THE HAUNTING**.

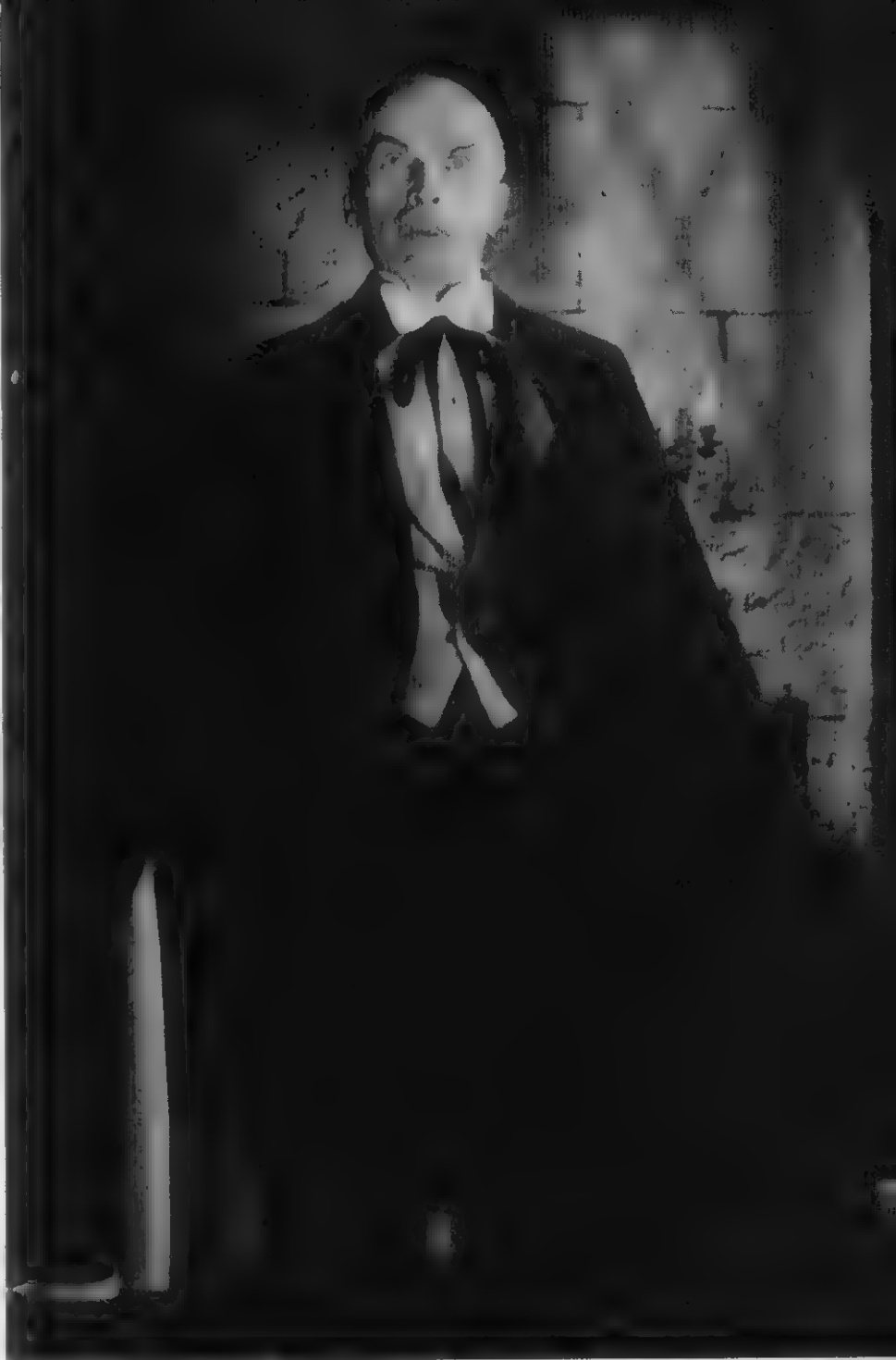
LORD OF THE FLIES promises to be an unusual motion picture experience—if it's ever finished! In production a couple years already, its principal players are youngsters who are threatening to outgrow their roles!

THE INCREDIBLE MR. LIMPET, manfish, has been completed at Warners. It's from the book by Theo. Pratt and is a whimsical fantasy in color.

Out of the Philippines—and from Italy—come 2 new versions of **SIEGFRIED** the dragon-slayer.

other coming attractions

A cinemadaptation of one of his own sci-fi works by s.f. author James Blish . . . Poe's **HAUNTED PALACE** (inhabited by Price & Chaney) . . . **DANSE MACABRE** . . . **FAIL-SAFE** (shooting started 15 April) . . . **7 DAYS IN MAY** (production began 20 May) . . . **DEPTHS OF THE**



Instant Dracula!—or, DRACULA IN ISTANBUL. A preview peek at Turkey's Atif Kaptan as the Thirsty Count. The full account next issue.

UNKNOWN . . . **THE LIGHT** (Hilchey & Strickfaden) . . . **DR. STRANGE-LOVE** . . . **JUDEX** . . . **THE INCREDIBLY MIXED UP ZOMBIE** . . . **COFFIN OF TERROR** . . . **THE SATAN BUG** . . . **COMEDY OF TERRORS** (Karloff, Price, Lorre, Rathbone) . . . **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** (Harryhausen) . . . **THE HAUNTED VILLAGE** (Lovecraft) . . . **DON'T CRY WOLF** . . . **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS** (screenplay by Ib Melchior, Red Planet monster by Marcel Delgado) . . . **THE VALLEY OF FEAR** (Chris Lee) . . . **THE INVISIBLE MONSTER** . . . **HAUN-**

TED JUNGLE & CIRCUS MAGNIFIQUE (Herman Cohen) . . . **RATS IN THE WALL** (Lovecraft) . . . **THE YELLOW SERPENT** . . . **THE DEVIL DOLL** . . . **THE CRAWLING MONSTER** (creature created by Jon Lackey) . . . **MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM** . . . **THE DUNWICH HORROR** (Lovecraft) . . . **CARRY ON, VAMPIRE** . . . **THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO** . . . and Ray Bradbury's **MARTIAN CHRONICLES** starring Gregory Peck!!!!
THE GIANT OF METROPOLIS.
NIGHT MUST FALL.
And—GOOSEFLESH!

END

the PRICE of fame . . .
the fame of PRICE
. . . all prizes
go—from
the Invisible
Man to the
pick of
Poe
—to the
actor who,
after King
Karloff, is
the Prince of
Horror Players

VINCENT the INVINCIBLE

By Roger Elwood & Forrest J Ackerman

It has been humorously reported," said the impressively tall Mr. Price, "that, like Claude Rains, I 'couldn't be seen' in my first horror picture."
"Which was," I (FJA) reminisced, "THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS. I remember, in 1940, when I was working at the Academy of Motion Pictures, learning that it was to be previewed, and driving out to the nearby town of Glendale to see it. I remember seeing you in the lobby afterwards. At that time I didn't dream that I'd be interviewing you all these years later!"

"Except," he corrected, "that wasn't the first horror picture in which I appeared." And then he went on to remind me that his then-current role in THE RAVEN was actually a reunion with Boris Karloff, with whom he had first played practically a quarter of a century previously in the 1939 version of Universal's TOWER OF LONDON.

Considering I (FJA) am about 6'1" and my eyes are about on the same level as Vincent Price's mustache, the towerable Mr. Price must soar to a stratospheric 6'3" or more. This giant entered the world on 27 May 1911, choosing to honor St. Louis, Mo., as his birthplace.

Born into a rather well-to-do family, young Vincent at first attended private

THIS is a unique collaboration. Mr. Elwood—who brought you the eloquent interview with John Carradine in our Nov. '62 issue—lives 3000 miles from the subject of this interview, talked to him for 45 minutes from the Atlantic coast to gather his information.

Mr. Ackerman, on the Pacific coast, has been a guest in Mr. Price's home, but talked with him a shorter length of time due to the difficulties of interviewing on a sound-stage between takes on a picture.

BOTH East & West agree: Mr. Price, diabolical tho he may seem on the screen, on the phone or in person is devilishly nice!

preparatory schools; later, studied at Yale University; and, after graduating, earned a master's degree at the University of London and went on to postgraduate work in Germany at the Nuremburg Academy.

Returning to London in his early 20s, he accepted a friend's challenge to audition at the famed Gate Theatre for a small role in the stage production of *Chicago*. To the surprise of everyone, himself included, he won the part—that of an American policeman—and knew almost instinctively that this was what would be his life's career.

"Actually, I wanted to be an actor all my life," Price told me (RE), "but I didn't know how to go about it. Then this friend dared me to try out and I've been performing in the craft ever since."

His first big hit in the US was his Broadway stage debut in *Victoria Regina* in which he played opposite the First Lady of the Theater, Miss Helen Hayes. Critics & public alike acclaimed him a star overnight—at the age of 24.

Two years later he made his initial motion picture appearance in *SERVICE DELUXE*. "I was very much apprehensive when I first stepped in front of a camera because I was working with some fantastic pros,"



ROBUR!



he remembered. "I was too *completely* aware of what was going on about me."

Next came BUFFALO BILL, Joel McCrea portraying the famous Westerner.

Perhaps his most important break came in '43 with his famous part in THE SONG OF BERNADETTE, Jennifer Jones' first film & the picture in which she earned an Academy Award as best actress.

A little later, Price co-starred in Wilson, a biography of the renowned president. Then his widely-acclaimed portrayal of a serviceman in THE EVE OF ST. MARK added impressively to his credits.

The war-torn chaotic decade of the 40s saw him appear in a large array of movies. In 1944 he made a total of 5.

Mr. Price differs on the generally accepted notion of what constitutes a horror picture. He considers that the type of picture he has become associated with is a thriller rather than a horror. "I think there is a big difference between horror stories & my type of film," he told me (RE). "I class as horror pictures things like THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, Sinatra's dope-addiction study, because they *really* horrify me. My efforts are basically entertainment ventures & they provide escape for the average person."

His next movie after THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS in the thriller/horror department was SHOCK, made for 20th-Fox in '46. It was the story of a murdering psychiatrist who went about stabbing innocent people with hypodermic needles loaded with a deadly poison. Price, that it excellent, the most critics had radically different opinions.

Then, finally, in the 50s, his horror (thriller) career took a cue from Edgar Allan Poe's pendulum: it went into full swing.

VP in 3D

At the height of the 3-dimensional craze, Price played a crazed sculpturist in HOUSE OF WAX, a remake of Lionel Atwill's remarkable MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM.

From this point on, he became largely identified with roles concerning demented or guilt-ridden men corrupted by some nightmarish experience. HOUSE OF WAX was so successful (due in part to his brilliant performance) that to date it has racked up total revenues of more than \$4 million in the US alone, establishing it firmly on the list of the 50 Most Popular Films Ever Made.

"With relish & vigor," described one critic, he next played the role of THE MAD MAGICIAN for Columbia in 1954.

Then came a hiatus of 5 years during which he did not do any horror pix (or thrillers, as he prefers) but instead played character roles in such

productions as THE 10 COMMANDMENTS & STORY OF MANKIND (both together with John Carradine), DANGEROUS MISSION (with Victor Mature) and a star-studded RKO release, WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS.

flying high

1957 was a landmark for Price as well as shock films in general for it was then that 20th-Fox loosed THE FLY upon a receptive public. In Cinemascope & breathtaking Deluxe Color, this classic was the result of a close collaboration between producer-director Kurt (RXM) Neumann & writer James Clavell. On this first & only association the 2 men created out of George Langelaan's neo-Gothic novella an engrossing, memorable science-horror film. Pushed by a tremendous



Vincent Price as mysterious cowed figure in foto that has even the brain of Don O'Van in doubt. Can it be a scene out of THE HOUSE OF WAX?

promotional campaign & aided by exceptional newspaper & magazine reviews, THE FLY buzzed to phenomenal boxoffice receipts for 20th. As Jack Moffitt put it in The Hollywood Reporter, "Kurt Neumann Pic Weird Masterpiece. Since bad horror pictures

have been making money, an excellent one should make a fortune. So reasoned Buddy Adler when he invested the top resources (in all departments) of 20th-Fox in THE FLY, a science fiction thriller that created a sensation in literary circles when it won the prize for the best work of fiction published in Playboy Magazine in 1957. The results surpassed Howard Hawks' THE THING. Studio plans to release it on a policy of saturation booking and, if the science fiction fans know the difference between dramatic skill & mere 'shilling shockers', it should be a gold mine." The fans knew—the public too—and when they were offered something better than dross & gloss the gross was so satisfying that a sequel was scheduled.

Tragically, director Kurt Neumann's wife died accidentally; a short time afterward, he followed her in death. I (FJA) considered Kurt a friend of mine & had a pleasant conversation with him on the phone not long before he died. THE FLY had been his first major success; he was on his way up; he was enthusiastic about the future; had he lived he would no doubt have been destined to produce & direct many more high-calibre sci-fi & monster films. Sorry, friend; really sorry . . .

Of Price's performance in THE FLY, Moffitt said: "He firmly establishes a convincing mood of bewilderment, incredulity & shock."

The sequel the following year was good but did not approach the novelty & meticulous care of the original. Price offered me (RE) an interesting explanation for this:

"The script of RETURN OF THE FLY was one of those rare cases when the sequel proved to be better than the original. When I first read it, I was very excited about the possibilities. Then the producers, in obvious bad judgment, proceeded to put in a lot of gimmicks in the belief that films today need gimmicks to be popular. In the end, they lessened & nearly ruined the dramatic effect that could have made a truly superior picture."

the spectre general

Price made 2 spook pix following THE FLY, both for Wm. Castle, the first HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (1958) and the second THE TINGLER (1959). The former featured one of the very gimmicks Price so detested, a skeleton hooked onto a wire leading from one end of the theater to the other. At the psychological moment the projectionist pushed a button & the skeleton moved across the wire. Glowing with luminescent paint, it was supposed to scare the wits out of the audience but only succeeded in scaring laffs out of the halfwits. However, in THE TINGLER, the ubiquitous gimmick rather than detracting from the



Above left, Crazy man! Vince goes off his pendulum & becomes a pit-wit. Pitty... From *THE PIT & THE PENDULUM*, 1961, AIP. Above right, Maestro Price sits around & takes it easy while the wax works. From *HOUSE OF WAX*, 1953, WB. Lower left, Giving an old friend a buzz in *THE MAD MAGICIAN*, 1954, Columbia. Lower right, First foto from Price's latest, *TWICE TOLD TALES*, United Artists.





The foto Vincent Price begged the photographer to take—to spike the rumor once & for all that he is positively *not* Forrest J Ackerman (right). Man in the middle is FJA's highschool chum, Jim Nicholson, then Vice-President of the Boys Scientifiction Club (later name-changed to the Junior Scientific Association), now Prexy of American-International (eventually American-Interplanetary).

picture's mood for once actually enhanced it. This time, certain rows of seats in theaters thruout the land were wired with an electric motor. Near the end of the film, when the creepy-crawly broke loose in an imaginary theater, patrons were suddenly startled by an unnerving (and neck-breaking) shake, rattle & roll of their seats. Timed precisely, the incident synchronized beautifully with a similar moment in the story on the screen when a woman was attacked by the *tingler*.

Then, in 1960, Price began his association with American-International Pictures, one that has led to some of the finest horror-&-suspense pictures in a decade.

poe goes aip

First on the ghostly slate was *House of Usher*, adapted from Poe's classic by the macabre mind of Richard Matheson. Directed by Roger Corman it built up suspense to a multi-decibel climax.

"Corman is wonderful," Price commented. "His talent, energy & drive amaze me at times. I think *HOUSE OF USHER* was the best film Matheson & he have yet done."

THE PIT & THE PENDULUM was released a short time later. Replete with the same dark, gloomy corridors & empty coffins, perhaps a little too much ham was on display in the cellar when Price lost his mind, but in general his performance was typically Peesque.

the world at his feet

As *Robur the Conqueror*, Price brought to the screen a scientific protagonist dreamed of a century before by Jules Verne, a fanatic in the cause of peace who was the scourge of the 4 corners of the earth & the 7 seas in his clipper of the clouds, bombing all military establishments & vessels in an effort to put an end to "the disease of war." Price dominated each foot of exposed film, overshadowing all members of the cast with the sole exception of old veteran Henry Hull, remembered from a quarter of a century before (and last issue of *FM*) as the *Werewolf of London*.

In *POE'S TALES OF TERROR* Price was given the opportunity to play 3 different characters. During *The Black Cat* segment he was a conceited wine taster; in *Morella* he portrayed a man doomed to a life of torment by the death of his wife, whose ghost plagued him; and as *M. Valdemar*, he was the vic-

Art connoisseur Price compliments artist Burt Schonberg on his outre painting of the *HOUSE OF USHER* (1960). Schonberg created the famous *Cafe Frankenstein* in art colony Laguna, Calif.; has had a cover on *Ziff-Davis Fantastic*.





The last straw. Mr. Price enjoys some iced caffeine during coffee break on set of Poe pic.

tim of an evil mesmerist's power as Basil Rathbone prolonged the simulacrum of life in his deceased corpse long after death. Well-produced, written & directed, in my opinion (RE) the film was a tour-de-force for Price's acting abilities. He switched from humor to horror to shock & then from desperation to hope & fear. He was a young man . . . a roving & sophisticated bachelor . . . & an aging, pitiful old fool. All these characters successfully combined in one movie demonstrate a strong tribute to his magnificent talent!

Switching pace once again, Price took on the role of a medieval magician in *THE RAVEN*, guiding us thru a charming land of wizards, villains & breathtaking special effects. (The Foreign Press of Hollywood has awarded him a Golden Globe in the category of "Best Villian".)

his future

There's good news for Price fans, for the indomitable Vincent is scheduled to make nothing but "thrillers" from here

to infinity. Hard on the heels of his *DIARY OF A MADMAN* (covered in *FM* #24) come

De Quincey's *CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER* . . .

Hawthorne's *TWICE TOLD TALES* . . .

Poe's *HAUNTED PALACE*.

His busy schedule includes the portrayal of Richard Matheson's *LAST MAN ON EARTH* (from the legendary novel, "I Am Legend") . . . a return engagement with Karloff & Lore in *A COMEDY OF TERROR* . . . several works of Lovecraft . . . and,

*For
Famous Monster Fans
with all my best wishes
Ever
Vincent Price*

A personal greeting to FM fans—from V.I.P. Fan V.P.

the one I (FJA) am most anxious to see him in, **WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES**. Between takes with Lorre I asked Price what the long delay was on the Well's film & he said, "Well, the trouble is, you see, it was written so long ago that science has caught up with many of the 'wonders' in it & we're waiting for someone to concoct a whole new set of marvels." I took the opportunity to

ask him if, like John Payne, Chris Robinson, Shirley MacLaine, Spring Byington & Richard Carlson, he himself was really interested in science fiction, to which he replied: "Oh, yes, I am; as much as I *have time for*." From his busy schedule, I suspect he has about as little time for reading as I.

His home is a treasure trove of 500 paintings & sculptures. As a member

of Joine Alderman's Celebrity Salon, I was privileged to be given a guided tour thru his collection several years ago. Wendayne Wahrman was also there that nite &, if I recall right, Rick Strauss, producer of **TIME OF TERROR**.

As a family man, Mr. Price is the proud father of Vicent Barret Price, a college anthropology major, and a baby daughter about a year & a half old.

His definition of what constitutes a good horror picture:

Human interest superimposed on a far-out kind of plot. THE FLY was wonderful because it had all the right elements. It showed the effect of a terrible disaster upon an average family. To be a good horror film, the story itself must have an element of surprise & the theme must be divided between the people & the things. HOUSE OF USHER had all of these as well. He added: "We need more like them."

His ambition: "Eventually to direct a film, an adventure epic similar to MASTER OF THE WORLD but more realistic."

A fact: Probably his voice over the phone comes across as genuine & human—my collaborator Roger Elwood could enlighten us on that point—but I (FJA) can assure that in person he is as warm & real as anyone you could ask for. (You—who asked for Elizabeth Taylor—out! You're reading the wrong movie magazine! This isn't FAMOUS MAIN STARS OF FILM-LAND!)

Seriously: Vincent Price, you're a grand guy. Double thanks from the duo of us for the dual interview.



The call that made Vince wince: a reporter from *Phantasic Creatures of Screamlund* asking if there was any truth to the rumor that FJA is really Elmo Lincoln in a Vincent Price mask. Looks like Vince is about to give the party in question a sock on the nose.

THE PICTURES OF VINCENT PRICE (Chosen from His More Than 75 Film Appearances as the Movies Most Likely to be of Interest to FAMOUS MONSTER' Audience)

BAGDAD/1949/Universal-Int.

The BAT/1959/Allied Artists

The BIG CIRCUS/1959/Allied

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER/
1963/Allied

The DIARY OF A MADMAN/1963/UA

DRAGONWYCK/1946/20th-Fox

The FLY/1957/20th-Fox

The HAUNTED PALACE/1963/AIP

HOUSE OF USHER/1960/AIP

HOUSE OF WAX/1953/Warners

The HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL/1958/AA

The INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS/1940/UI

LAURA/1944/20th-Fox

The MAD MAGICIAN /1954/Columbia

MASTER OF THE WORLD/1961/AIP

The PIT & THE PENDULUM/1961/AIP

POE'S TALES OF TERROR/1962/AIP

The RAVEN/1963/American-Intern.

RETURN OF THE FLY/1959/20th-Fox

SHOCK/1946/20th-Fox

SON OF SINBAD/1955/RKO

The STORY OF MANKIND/1957/WB

The 10 COMMANDMENTS/1956/Paramount

The TINGLER/1959/Columbia

The TOWER OF LONDON/1939/U-I

The TOWER OF LONDON/1963/U-A

TWICE TOLD TALES/1963/U-A

The WEB/1949/Universal-Int'l.

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HOLLYWOOD FILM MUSEUM

TO CAPTURE KONG, FEATURE FRANKENSTEIN

To do justice to the fantasy phase of film history, millions of dollars worth of special talent has been assembled around the executive table (big enuf for Kong to roller skate on) at 2 recent meetings of the Miniatures & Special Fx Committee of the projected Hollywood Film Museum.

There I saw & spoke with:

HOWARD ANDERSON, the optical wizard . . .

IVYL BURKES (his props were tops in WAR OF THE WORLDS) . . .

SOL LESSER, noted film producer (a jungleful of TARZANS) . . .

THEO. HOLSOPPLE, Art Director of ROCKETSHIP X-M, THE FLY . . .

MARCEL DELGADO, builder of 40 prehistoric beasts for the silent LOST WORLD . . .

BOB MATTY, fx maestro of 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA . . .

HOWARD LYDECKER, wonder-maker of THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM . . .

KENNETH STRICKFADEN, master of electricity, magician of pseudo-scientific machinery . . .

And a score more outstanding technicians, artisans, specialists in creating the impossible, illusions to order.

Eugene Hilchey, himself an accomplished fx man, masterminds the meetings.

Project I am most personally interested in is a History of Horror Films, with narration written & read by yours truly accompanying projections of my choicest stills from the top monster, macabre & imagi-movies of all time.

This is Hollywood's most exciting project & your editor is proud to have a hand in shaping its destiny.



A



B



C

A Chairman Eugene Hilchey, of the Miniatures & Special Effects Committee, exhibits architect Arthur Pereira's transparent mockup of the multi-million dollar soon-to-be-constructed Hollywood Film Museum.

B Sol Lesser Speaks. Among many other accomplishments of interests to fantastic adventure fans, Mr. Lesser has produced a goodly share of the TARZAN films. Your editor took the occasion to remind Mr. Lesser that several years ago he purchased a science-horror property from the Ackerman Agency—Edmond Hamilton's weird tale, "Pygmy Island"—which author Hamilton, agent Ackerman & a million moviegoers would like to see!

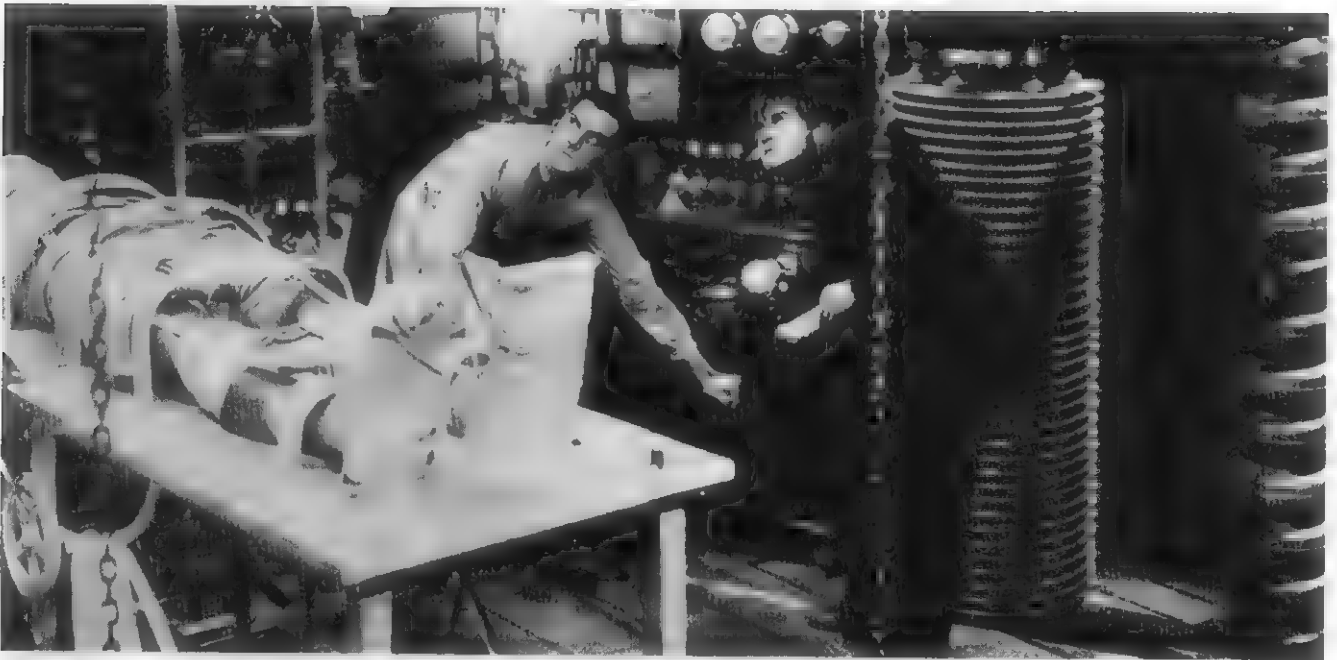
C Mr. Hilchey explains one of Museum's most fascinating projects—Exhibit Kong—where the great 8th Wonder himself may be seen & heard

D Suddenly!—a Kong Jr. appears to startle the assembly!

E Quick-thinking Kenneth Strickfaden, the man who constructed the heat-ray for Boris Karloff in THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, mans a multi-volt electrical weapon

F Strickfaden points protective proton-flashpole in direction of berserk beast.

G Do producers have a heart? Maestro Strickfaden amplifies heartbeat of Sol Lesser.



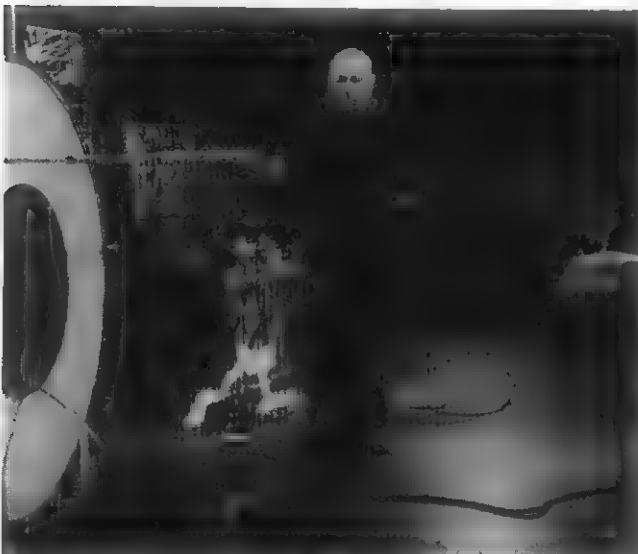
Colin Clive & Dwight Frye are gone but Kenneth Strickfaden, the genius of the Mephistophelian machinery, lives on—and will recreate the original FRANKENSTEIN laboratory so that uncounted millions yet unborn may thrill to it in person thru the years to come at the Hollywood Film Museum.



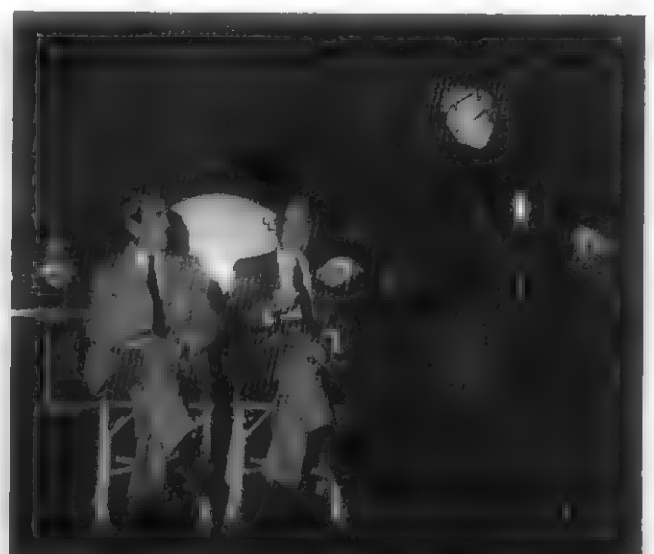
D



E



F



G

DEATH'S GRIM COUNTERFEIT

buried till now—exhumed exclusively for FM's audience—this unfilmed sequence from the original screenplay of Edgar Allan Poe's Classic of Terror, THE PREMATURE BURIAL . . .

By Ray Russell & Charles Beaumont

After Charles Beaumont & Ray Russell signed a contract to create the shooting script for THE PREMATURE BURIAL, their first act was to go their mutual bookshelves & remove their copy of The Complete Poe for the purpose of re-reading the story they were to work into cinema form.

"We were in for a shock," reports Russell, "but not the sort one usually expects to receive from a Poe yarn—for, unlike the stories that formed the bases of the 2 earlier AIP Poe films (HOUSE OF USHER & PIT AND THE PENDULUM) this story was not really a story at all; more like a formal essay on the disadvantages & general undesirability of being buried alive.

"And so we had to build the whole structure from the ground up—plot, characters & dialog—while retaining the essential elements of Poe's piece; namely, the obsessive terror of premature burial.

"In the picture, as filmed, there does

remain one passage taken verbatim from Poe—it is the speech of Guy Carrell (*Ray Milland*) down in the family vault, beginning, 'The endurable oppression of the lungs . . . the stifling fumes of the damp earth . . . the rigid embrace of the coffin . . .'

"In an earlier draft, however, we tried to get in more of the Poe original. Considerations of length made it necessary to jettison several scenes but perhaps the readers would be interested in reading the following sequence which did not reach the screen. They will recognize it as being derived directly from Poe."

An Unfilmed Sequence from the AIP Motion Picture

THE PREMATURE BURIAL
by Charles Beaumont & Ray Russell

Seated on the grass, a festive picnic luncheon spread on a cloth between them, are Guy & Emily. Their conversation, light & gala at first, has become darkly-toned as Guy has be-

gun to tell Emily of his fears of being buried alive. At this point she says . . .

EMILY

These things are morbid phantasies. Nothing more.

GUY

Morbid . . . yes. But phantasies?

CLOSE-UP: GUY

GUY (Cont.)

There have been cases, many cases, too many . . . I have read of them . . . these are not fictions but facts. There was a case in America recently . . . Baltimore . . . the young wife of a prominent lawyer . . .

RIPPLE DISSOLVE

GUY'S NARRATIVE (EFFECT)
As Guy narrates the case O.S. (OFF Screen), we see it enacted before our eyes. The action is seen thru some identifying effect, such as a distortion lens or a sudden excursion into monochrome. It is shot M.O.S., and the sets of fragmentary, dream-like, perhaps no more than black velvet.

LONG SHOT-INT. DINING ROOM
 A dinner party is in progress. Several guests of various ages. At the head of the table, the handsome young **LAWYER** plays host. At the other end, his pretty **WIFE** is a gracious hostess.

TIGHT ON LAWYER
 Gaily, he lifts his champagne glass to make a toast.

TIGHT ON WIFE
 Smiling, she lifts her glass. But before she can drink, a sign of distress crosses her face and she drops the glass.

GUY (O.S.)

The lady was seized by a sudden & unaccountable illness . . .

A SALON GROUPSHOT. WIFE SUPINE ON CHAISE. LAWYER, DOCTOR STANDING OVER HER
 The *Doctor* chafes her wrists as she

tosses her head restlessly as if in a fever.

GUY (O.S.)

It completely baffled her physician . . .

BEDROOM TWOSHOT
WIFE in bed. **LAWYER** standing over, troubled & attentive. Medicines on a side table.

GUY (O.S.)

She lingered for a few days, and then . . .

CLOSE-UP OF WIFE'S HEAD ON PILLOW

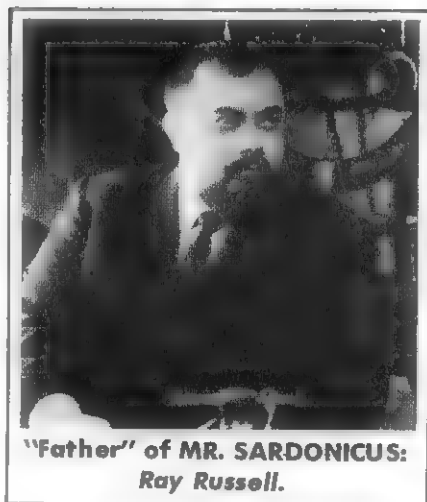
Her eyes close & her head falls to one side, totally inert.

GUY (O.S.)

. . . she died. Or was thought to have died.

BACK TO TWO SHOT

The **LAWYER**, shocked, calls out to her, bends over her, taking her face in his hands. Horrified, he backs away . . . then, as if clubbed by grief,



"Father" of MR. SARDONICUS:
Ray Russell.

he throws himself upon her still form, weeping uncontrollably.

A BIER

The **WIFE** lies upon it in state, dressed in her bridal gown, a diamond tiara on her lovely brow. Nearby, the **LAWYER** stands in mourning garments, numb with grief. The friends we saw at the dinner party pass slowly by the inert woman, paying their last respects.

Ray Milland is inside the coffin—alive. But to those at the graveside he is a corpse—the latest victim of a family curse in THE PREMATURE BURIAL.





Using graveyard shovel as weapon, Ray Milland prepares to make cemetery candidate of adversary.

Richard Ney fights for his life against the maniacal fury of Ray Milland in **THE PREMATURE BURIAL**.





Surrounded by Ray Milland, Heather Angel & Richard Ney, Hazel Court lies unconscious—and unconscious of the dreadful fate that awaits her.

GUY (O.S.)

The poor lady assumed all the signs of death. Her face became pinched & sunken. Her lips, pallid as marble. There was no warmth. Pulsation had ceased. During the last rites, her lovely body was as cold & rigid as stone . . .

A BURIAL VAULT—Ext.

The WIFE, covered by a sheet, is being carried solenly into the vault.

GUY (O.S.)

She was not laid in the earth by deposited in the family vault . . .

INT. THE VAULT

The PALLBEARERS place the sheet-shrouded body on a high bier and leave. They take their lanterns with them. The only light comes from a single flickering torch set in a wall-sconce.

EXT. BURIAL VAULT

The PALLBEARERS are seen leaving. It takes 2 of them to close the heavy door & seal it.

GUY (O.S.)

The ponderous door was shut & sealed . . .

INT. THE VAULT

WIFE on bier, covered by the sheet.

GUY (O.S.)

For 2 days after her entombment the young lady absolutely still. But then...

Heather—Angel or Devil? Her own brother, tho he lies inert, is alert, aware, thruout his own funeral—and after—but unable to cry out or move a muscle to save himself from the ultimate horror of being buried . . . without being dead.





GUY (O.S.)

The door was heavy & it was sealed. The lady had no strength in her limbs or in her voice. How long she struggled & called out we will never know . . .

CAMERA PANS over to the wall-torch. Slowly, as GUY speaks, the flame lowers & lowers until it is gone & the screen is plunged into blackness.

GUY (O.S.)

. . . But in time, the air within the vault grew too stale to support life. (*Slight pause, in the blackness.*) Then, 3 years later . . .

EXT. BURIAL VAULT

The LAWYER, now with a touch of gray at his temples, approaches the door.

GUY (O.S.)

The lawyer's father died. In making arrangements for the old gentleman's interment, the lawyer visited the family vault . . .

TIGHT ON DOOR & LAWYER
HE breaks the seal & begins to turn the great handle.

GUY (O.S.)

. . . and broke the seal.

The door swings open, more quickly than expected, and—shockingly—into the LAWYER'S arms falls A GHASTLY SKELETON dressed in the mouldering remains of a bridal gown & wearing a diamond tiara.

CLOSE-UP; THE GRINNING SKULL, with tiara.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE

END OF GUY'S
NARRATIVE & EFFECT

CLOSE-UP: GUY

Against picnic scene background, as before.

GUY

. . . She died there against the door, you see, and thus she remained until she fell, *rattling*, into her husband's horrified embrace!

* * * * *

Edward John Carnell, England's foremost fantasy personality, in his leading periodical SCIENCE FANTASY praised the picture as "one of the best of the new-style attempts at producing a creepy movie without the laugh lines coming in at the wrong places. It stands out for good acting & directing . . . and my credits go to Beaumont & Russell for a fine working script and the genius who decided on *Alive, Alive, O* as the eerily whistled theme tune for the gravediggers. The closing scenes are tense & dramatic & cleverly filmed."

END

Slowly, a white arm protrudes, and the sheet moves away from the face. CLOSE-UP: WIFE'S PALLID FACE ON BIER

HER eyes flutter. Slowly, they open.

GUY (O.S.)

. . . she regained consciousness! For she had not been dead at all but merely a victim of death's grim counterfeit . . .

MED. SHOT WIFE ON BIER

Terrified, SHE sits up & glances about her. With effort she descends from the bier.

GUY (O.S.)

With great difficulty—for she was weak with lack of food & the debilitating effects of the illness—she dragged herself to the door of the vault.

AT THE DOOR OF THE VAULT

SHE falls against it. Weakly, she tries to push it open, vainly she calls out.

THESE WERE THEIR LIVES

Formerly unknown episodes in the unearthly existences of Famous Monsters

LITTER TO A WEREWOLF

BY K. VAZAU VIRLUP

Gravesend University
Transylvania
April 2d

Dear Dad,

Am really finding time to write you after a hectic week of enrollment and getting used to classes and the campus. I'm sure I'll enjoy my studies, especially Classic Vampirology under Prof. von Helsing, Basic Mummyography with F. M. Hines and Ventriloquism & J with lectures and demonstrations by a new member of the faculty, a Dr. Frankenstein.

I see Lupo and Wolfgang most every night. I sure envy my sister being a sophomore and brother a senior. I read Willie's term paper on Emotional Psychology, "My Father Meddled with Things Man Was Meant to Leave Alone"—and it sure made me monstrously proud of him.

The Carpathians are wonderful, wooded mountains—the peasants hereabouts, deeply superstitious (it's always so satisfying to have people really believe in you), and altogether I feel an exciting 4 years of study lie ahead of me.

Just one thing disturbs me. I sensed it almost immediately when I got together with us and Willie. We seem to be sort of apart from the common outsiders like some sort of isolation you take us you are your old friend Lovelace experienced when you were students at Miltonmore U.

I learned Lupo and I were named in any sorority and I noticed Willie isn't wearing any frat pin. One time when it was around, Willie told me in that we Transylvanians aren't exactly top dog on the campus. It made me want to howl. All the way back to my dad there was a big lump in my throat, like the first time when I was 12 years old and had that summer apartment—you remember, the time that neighborhood bully Howard, that boy with the sign name pressure, was mysteriously mangled by a prowler in broad moonlight.

I never did quite understand, Dad, your reason for having us change our family name. Am I not eager to know now? I suspect it had something to do with your brother. I remember Auntie Anna not died under unpleasant circumstances and I heard you and mom arguing once about Uncle Luke and his shaggy ways. I remember mother saying something like "That Luke Anthrope sure is in the dog house now."

We Transylvanians seem to have a reputation around here for "putting on the dog," being too "snooty." The varsity athletes don't seem to appreciate the way you and mom set the example at the way to us to work down our food line—smart people told me some powdered wellbreds was instant coffee and naturally I was awfully sick after one sip.



I hate to say this, Dad, but sometimes I feel like my ancestry is almost a curse!

Affectionately, your son,

Larry Farrow Jr.

PS: This afternoon in Gym Class, some insulting things happened during a basketball game one of the frat boys, and during a soccer game one of the ghoulies, and during a football game a couple of the huntbucks all made cracks about me and my brother and sister.

Dad, I think I've finally figured out why we've been scratched off everybody's popularity list: why they treat Willie and me like canine. Able and make an bones about their dislike of Lupo. They have penetrated our disguises; they know that our bite is worse than our bark.

I am proud of our lycanthropic heritage, the pure blood that flows thru our veins. But it is a family trait to be mere offspring when your father is King. A veritable curse.

Baron von Farrow tells they call us: The Cows of the Werewolves!

END



THE MUMMY THAT CAME TO LIFE

LIFE MAGAZINE recently
spotlighted a trio of "our"
boys:

Here's the story
behind-the-story
of how 3 filmmaker
fans made a home-made

horror hit that
hit the bigtime

Their names:

Ralph C. Bluemke.

Jeff Mullin.

And Allen Skinner.

Their ages: 21, 14 & 13,
respectively.

And—introducing!
—at 8 yrs. & "52 lbs.
of sheer terror":
Scott Mullin!

a producer talks

Statement from the film's maker:

"Horror movies have thrilled & fascinated countless millions all over the world ever since Lon Chaney had his mask ripped off so many years ago in that dark dingy cellar of the old Paris opera house. Chaney was followed by Bela Lugosi, whose Dracula established the horror film as an institution. Boris Karloff made classic creatures of Frankenstein & The Mummy. Lon Chaney Jr. created the Wolfman & Claude Rains rendered himself Invisible for the first time on the screen. While these monarchs reigned supreme in the Kingdom of Terror, the horror film was among the most popular screen entertainments.

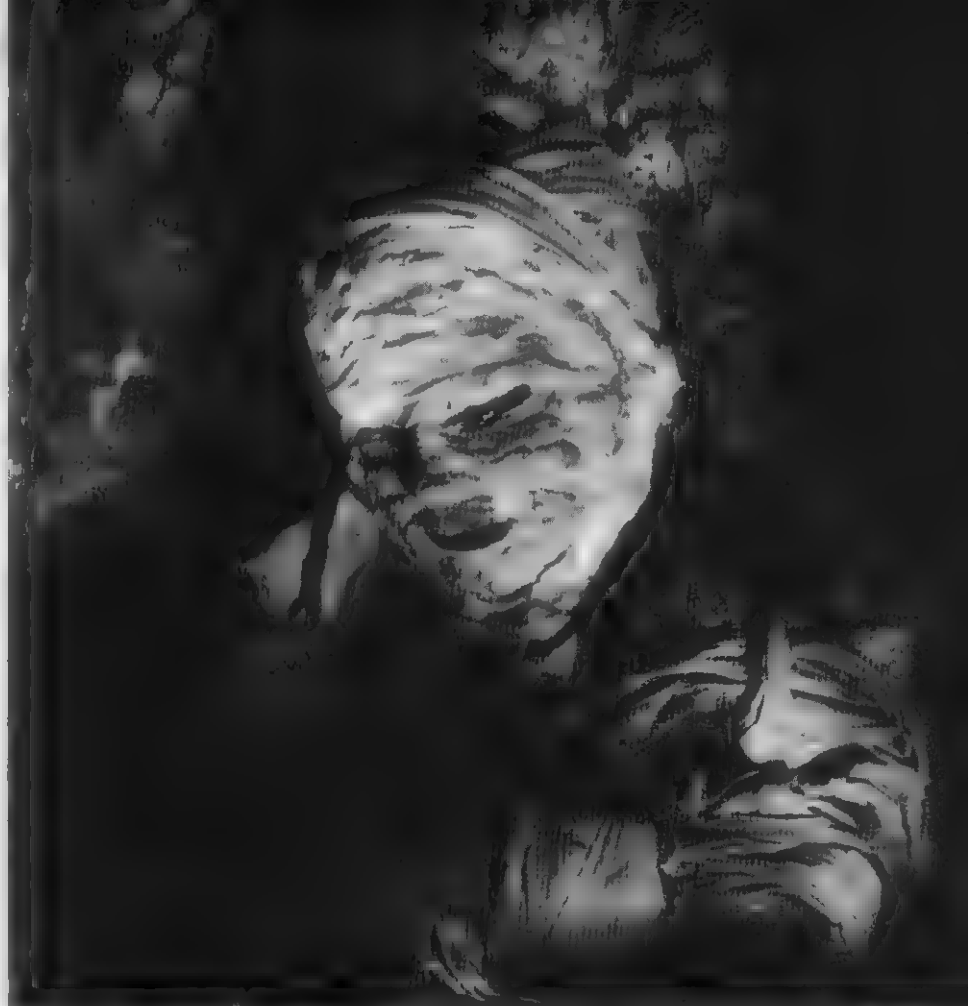
"But, alas, horror films began to dissipate as the years went by because the major Hollywood studios felt that audiences wanted something else. Fewer & fewer funds were made available to the horror producers & the final result was a meager crop of low budget mediocrities. It is only today that horror films are beginning to enjoy a renaissance thru the auspices of such companies as Hammer Films & American-International Pictures.

"In July 1962, I sat down with Jeff Mullin & Allen Skinner and decided to try to point out what was good & what was wrong in the contemporary horror movies by filming a satire on them. We decided to call our effort—

I WAS A TEENAGE MUMMY

"We sat down to plan production.

"The idea appeared to besound. The public was fickle but it was generally agreed that it liked to laff & a horror theme might be just the thing to give audiences a good howl. Tho we felt the film would be more authentic in black & white, and probably more effective, it was decided to shoot the picture in color since it would have greater box-office potential that way. To present the film to large audiences, 8mm film would have been inadequate;



The Incredible Wrinkling Man! Michael Harris, who stoically endured long hours before the camera under hot lights while tightly wrapped in hundreds of feet of bed-sheeting strips and plastered with thick layers of heavy make-up. Mike sweated off 100 lbs. during the making of this film, quite a feat considering he only weighed 98 lbs. to begin with.

Traveling incognito & disguised as tourists, the High Priest—correction: the High Mummy & Low Priest—slip undetected onto US soil in their flight from Egypt.



35mm film was impractical & too expensive; 16mm would have to be it. In order to do the story justice, the movie would have to run one hour. All these problems resolved, there was only one more:

FINANCING

"It was estimated that the epic would cost at least \$250 to make &, turning our pockets inside out, our collective cash total amounted to the pauperish sum of \$4.38. Where to get the remaining princely \$245.62 became the next technical problem.

"If we were to wait until we could *save* the amount, the film would never be made. We needed a miraculous Special Effect.

"Our solution turned out to be selling stock. Prospective investors would get their original money back plus 10% interest when the local grosses began to come in. Between the 25 cast members & their families & friends it was not too difficult to obtain the required capital on a borrow-as-you-go basis.

Thus, pooling their time, talent, funds & names, Jerall Films was in the monster business.

script & cast

During the summer vacation I (Ralph Bluemke) completed the shooting script & when Jeff & Allen returned in September, production got under way.

"Allen, by nature very serious & mature was chosen to play the role of Professor Flinders Pietri, the independently wealthy & dedicated archeologist who was to lead the expedition into Egypt.

"Pietri's playboy nephew, Lance, was played by Jeff.

"Jeff's glamorous girlfriend Jayne Walker was picked to portray the film's heroine, Peaches La Verne.

"Our Mummy, a tall solid fellow, was found in Michael Harris.

"But the toughest job of casting was yet to be settled:

"Who was going to play the difficult part of Youssef Bey, the Egyptian high priest?

"One 15-year-old boy was assigned the part but had to bow out because of conflicting activities. Another followed & had to withdraw for similar reasons. The company was already behind in its shooting schedule & still we were high-priestless.

search hi & lo for high priest

"One afternoon after having meditated several hours, I jokingly suggested we let Jeff's youngest brother, Scott, play the part. As expected, everyone laughed; until, carrying the joke fur-



Producer Ralph C. Bluemke. Denies rumor he plans to produce SON OF THE TEENAGE MUMMY, "because," explains Bluemke, "in the meantime Scott Mullin has grown too old for the key role of Youssef Bey."



The insidious Youssef Bey, Egypt's answer to Dr. He. Known to his intimates as the Terror of the Nile & the Chocolate-Coated King of Horror. (Scott Mullin)

ther, I tried the fez of the high priest on the 8-year-old dwarf.

"Something clicked.

"With a little more improvising, the decision was made. Scott Mullin, 52

famous monsters of filmland

pounds of sheer terror, was to play Youssef Bey. Not until the film was completed was anyone to realize that his casting was a stroke.

"Of pure genius.

"Scott's performance turned out far better than any of us ever anticipated & he has been signed to an exclusive contract with Jerall Films from here to teeny.

on location

"With our first spools of film secured, our crew moved the cast & equipment to a deserted section of one of the Westport beaches to enact the desert scenes simulating the Land of the Pharaohs. Using a borrowed Bolex H-16 camera, I photographed the camp sequences, the (you should pardon the expression) romantic interludes, and the scene in which the mummy kidnaps the girl & routs the camp—all this with the New Haven railroad to the right of the set and Long Island Sound to the left.

"When the 'desert exteriors' were completed, the company set up shop in the basement of Allen Skinner's home to film interiors. Here the climactic torture chamber sequence was filmed (we used Method Acting; our method: no acting—real torture.) The basement also doubled for the Egyptian crypt in which Youssef Bey kept the mummy. Several close-ups were required & make-up had to be perfect. The mummy, wrapped in tea & coffee-stained strips of sheeting, had his face aged 3000 years by a mixture of flour & water with thick consistency, applied in heavy layers & allowed to dry until it cracked & flaked. It was stained for the color cameras by tempora paints.

plane & fancy

"The script called for a transition scene from the Egyptian desert to the USA and so Idlewild Airport seemed the answer. Fortunately Jayne's father was a captain for TWA so he made arrangements for the crew to have a superjet Constellation and the terminal at their disposal. Here the costumed players attracted considerable attention from the bustling air commuters who mistook the mummy for everything but what he was. Conjectures were heard ranging from 'Do you think he had a skiing accident?' to 'Maybe it's the Invisible Man!'

trick photography

"Back to Westport for the thrilling automobile chase scenes in which 2 huge autos were required to go better than 90 mph. Since there are traffic laws in Westport, it was again necessary to improvise, and thru trick photography the cars appear to go 90 when actually they are only doing 30.

For Pietri's car it was decided that,

in the best Hollywood tradition, a Cadillac would be necessary. A local Cadillac dealer obligingly loaned the company a massive green sedan for the takes. A black Mercedes Benz was made available by Allen's parents, this to serve for Youssef Bey.

condemned mansion (like fja's pad?)

When exterior shots required an "old dark house" for the torture chamber, a local citizen permitted our crew to invade his property & photograph a deserted condemned mansion to the rear of his grounds. The Westport police even supplied a patrolman & squadcar for an important scene. The Westport country club let our company move cast & crew inside for the shooting of the Archeologist Club Meeting."

promising future

The film was completed in Jan. 1963 and released in April. LIFE discovered it & gave Jerall Films's stock a big boost.

The picture's total cost as shot silent was \$375. That's for a running time of 1 hour, 16mm colorfilm. A soundtrack, added later, increased the cost somewhat above the original estimate.

The youthful company has 3 other films in preparation, one a straight mood piece with horror overtones tentatively titled NIGHT CHILDREN.

The production heads—Ralph, Jeff & Allen—say:

"We hope to become part of the motion picture industry & benefit both it & the public."

It could happen. There's precedent. Curtis (NIGHT TIDE) Harrington & Bert (MAGIC SWORD) Gordon come to mind as teenage filmmakers who made good.

We wish Jerall Films the best. And applaud the sound judgment of one of their backers: Scott Mullin's mother. Young Scott had his heart hot—and this could lead to heartburn—to essay a horror role to end all twisted characterizations but after his mother checked it out with the mother of the monster in question (a very questionable monster, indeed), Mrs. Mullin put her foot down as hard as King stomping a throng of New Yorkers into people-fudge.

The brain boggles, the mind croggles, at the concept—for the role the daring young Bey wanted to play (in the worst way) was one that Man Was Meant to Leave Alone.

It was the biographical, historical, geographical, hysterical boyhood story of the Kid from Karloffornia, the Creature from the Ack Lagoon, the Forrest Prime Evil—

Script by Robfred Hitchbloch—

I WAS A SUBTEEN AGE FJA!



In a classic scene from the film, the mummy carries Peaches La Verne to the chamber of Youssef Bey.

"Egyptian-International Pix up 5/8... Nail & Hammer Films up 3/8..."



FAMOUS MONSTERS of FILMLAND

is proud to announce
A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY
FOR AMATEUR HOME-MOVIE
FANS and FM READERS

FAMOUS MONSTERS' FIRST AMATEUR HOME-MOVIE CONTEST!

Here is a great contest designed to enflame the imagination of every boy, girl & monster who can beg, borrow, rent or buy an 8 or 16mm movie camera and 100 feet of movie film.

How would you like to see a film called TWIN OF FRANKENSTEIN? Or SIEGFRIED SAVES METROPOLIS? Well, then . . . how about you making one or the other of them?! Have the time of your life testing your picture-making ability . . . discover if you're another Bert Gordon (who began as a teenager) . . . why, you may even be another Karloff or Harryhausen!

You'll have fabulous fun producing a picture that will be entertaining monster fans for years to come at private gatherings, club meetings & maybe even conventions.

You don't have to be experienced to participate. You don't even have to dream up a plot—we've already done that for you! FM Editor, Forrest J Ackerman has written 2 scripts for this movie contest:

1. TWIN OF FRANKENSTEIN.
2. SIEGFRIED SAVES METROPOLIS!

The first script (a field day for make-up fans) is the simpler of the two. With a little adult help, an 8-year-old boy should be able to film it. Step by step, the script tells you what to film. It is up to you & your imagination, your talent, your creativity, your ambition, to produce the version with the best make-ups, lighting effects, angles, etc. FM's Editor Ackerman, and James Warren, together with the co-editors of SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED, and Ralph Bluemke, the young man who made I WAS A TEENAGE MUMMY, will all judge your efforts.

Script #2 will offer a challenge to the older, more experienced filmmakers, those who want to "test their mettle" (there's a robot & a dragon to build & animate!) on some tabletop work, models, animation, etc.

You needn't make up your mind which category you want to compete in till you've read the scripts.

To receive both your scripts (which automatically makes you eligible to participate in the contest) simply send \$4 (parent's check or postal money order made out to Warren Publishing Co.) to MONSTERSCRIPTS, 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia 38, Penna., and by return mail you will receive the two exciting shooting scripts.

The scripts themselves—available in no other way—are sure to become collectors' items. Many of you will undoubtedly want them, to add to your collections of FM, even if you do not plan to participate in the filmmaking. We do not encourage purchase of the scripts unless you intend to enter the contest but we are nevertheless anticipating the demands of collector fans in the filmmonster field and are printing enough extra copies to, we hope, fill all orders.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

**BOTH "AMATEUR" AND "PRO"
WINNERS WILL EACH RECEIVE
THESE IDENTICAL PRIZES:**

FIRST PRIZE

Sony DeLuxe Portable Miniature TV Set

SECOND PRIZE

Automatic DeLuxe 8mm Motion Picture Camera

THIRD PRIZE

Color Polaroid Land Camera

5 HONORABLE MENTIONS

**Free Subscriptions to FM till
21st Birthday!**

**NO SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE
OF FILM-MAKING NEEDED!
YOU HAVE JUST AS MUCH
CHANCE AS ANYONE TO WIN
OVER
\$1,000.00
in prizes!**



HERE ARE THE RULES

1. You must be under 21, not engaged in professional movie-making.
2. One or the other (not both) of the Official Scripts must be used as the basis of your entry. No original script can be considered.
3. Entries must be submitted in final form (finished prints), ready for projection—approximately 100 feet in length if 8mm, or 200 feet if 16mm is used.
4. Films are to be silent. They can be shot in either black & white, or color.
5. Only one entry per category can be accepted from each contestant.
6. Contest closes at midnight, December 20th, 1963. All entries must be postmarked before then to be eligible. Prize-winners will be notified by telegram; prizes will be forwarded within 10 days of announcements of winners. (Winners to be announced via picture-story in an early '64 issue of FM.)
7. Winners will be judged on the basis of Originality & Artistry demonstrated in the development of the scripts from which they are produced. Submitted films will be returned within 90 days after the close of the Contest. FAMOUS MONSTERS reserves the right to print stills from the entries or exhibit the films in any manner whatsoever.
8. Decisions of the Judges will be final. Anyone except employees of Warren Publishing Company, its affiliates or their families, may participate in this Contest. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

HERE'S WHERE YOU START

FAMOUS MONSTERS HOME MOVIE CONTEST
1426 E. WASHINGTON LANE
PHILADELPHIA 38, PENNA.

I want to enter the FM HOME-MOVIE CONTEST, and request that you rush me the 2 shooting scripts from which I can produce my entry.

Enclosed is my \$4.00 for both scripts. I hereby acknowledge that I will faithfully follow the rules of this Contest, as described, & that I will accept the final decision of the Judges and FAMOUS MONSTERS Magazine.

My Signature

My Name (please print) Age

Street Address

City Zone

State.....

Send For Your Scripts Today!
Start Your Shooting Next Week!
YOU MAY BE FAMOUS IN '64!

YOU AXED



ABOVE: BELA LUGOSI sinks beneath the surface of the black icy river in *THE HUMAN MONSTER* (1940), adapted from Edgar Wallace's mystery novel 'The Dark Eyes of London' (and released under that title in England). Special FM Foto from Dorothy Westcott for LYNNE NELSON, CARLTON MACKSAM, MARILYN & RONALD BIGELOW, DON REED, BILL CRAIG, TOMMY KUNSTMANN, LARRY BYRNE, BILL OBBAGY, ROGER HOWELL, DAN ASPER & MANUEL WELTMAN, for whom LUGOSI LIVES ETERNAL. While BELOW, KING KARLOFF is captured in a Magic Moment by Philippe Druillet in an Exclusive FM Foto for MIKE JASPER, RICHARD LEE, JEAN-CLAUDE MICHEL, MARCIA JERIC, TOM DREHER, DEBBIE SMITH, RICK WHITE, DANNY RAFMAN, JOE MILLACH, ERNIE ROSS & ALBERT PACKER. The famous Flower Scene from Universal Pictures' 1931 production of *FRANKENSTEIN*. Also for DAVID JONES, GERALDINE WARD, VIKI BILAVEK & STEPHANIE MCILLI!



FOR IT

Always Open is the Door to
Dept. UX4, 1426 E. Washing-
ton Lane, Philadelphia 38, Pa.
Just send a fear-cent ghost-
card with YOUR request and
Dr.acula will do the rest.



LON CHANEY SHALL NOT DIE! Not as long as he is wanted by fans of his like SANDRA BIERMANN, ELISHA ROSANOVA, DOUG CHASWICK, NORD NOVHAMP, STANLEY MAZURKIEWICZ, LEONARD McSHERRY & CLAIR HELDING. We are certain this superb pose from LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT (directed by Tod Browning for MGM in 1927) will especially gladden the heart of LEE GLADWIN, the great Lon Chaney Sr. admirer who won first Prize (Pro Division) in our first Making-up Contest way back in 1959.



Phosphorescent eyed companion of Martin Stephens is this sinister subteen from *THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*, shown at the command of BETTY ANN WARREN, BILL KELLEY, GARY LIEBERMANN, DAN ADAMS, ZAZIE WRIGHT, JEAN LINARD, YMIKO NAKAYAMA, MARI-ANNE RUUTH, HARRY J. BEYNON, BELLE TEMPLE, PAT & MIKE MURPHY, LUCKY PINCKARD, BON STAPLE, MIRIAM NYTE, BRIGITTE NUETZEL, PATRICIA KOCH & PEPSY FELDON.

WILKES THEATRE
 PROSPECT 25 GEARY-MASON
 TWICE DAILY AFTER
 TONIGHT at 2:30 and 8:30
 NIGHT, 50c-\$1.50; MAT., 50c-\$1

BEGINS TONIGHT

—PACIFIC COAST PREMIERE—

It Will Astound You and Enthrall You!

PREHISTORIC
 MONSTERS
 CLASH WITH
 MODERN
 LOVERS

MOST
 AMAZING
 PICTURE
 EVER
 MADE



Sir A. Conan Doyle's
 Stupendous Story

—with—
 BESSIE LOYE,
 LEWIS STONE, LLOYD
 HUGHES, WALLACE BEERY

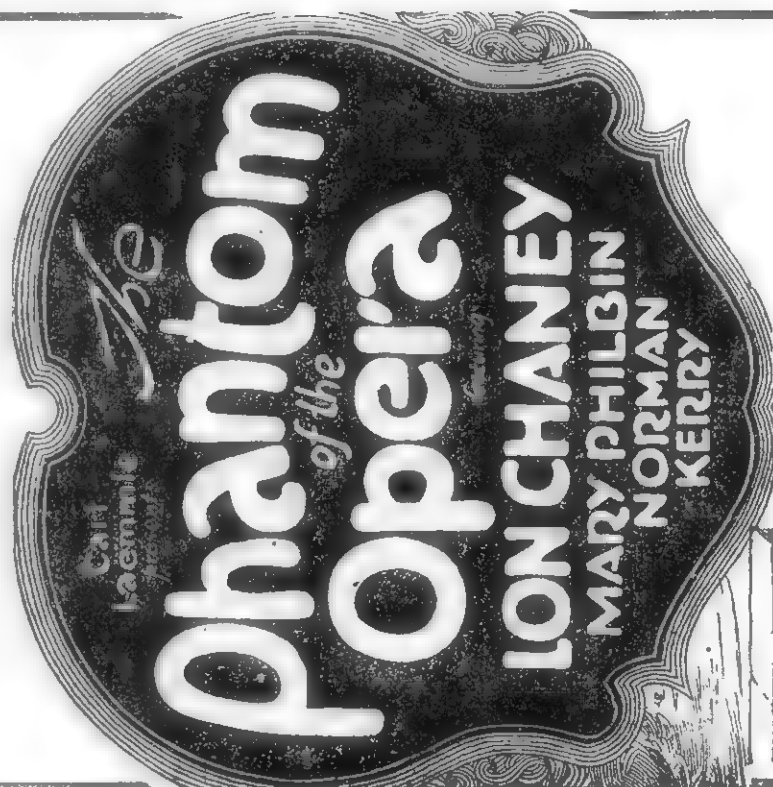
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(Geary, nr. Mason)
 Prospect 9500

MATINEE
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 2:20

TONIGHT 8:20
 POPULAR
 PRICES

A MILLION THRILLS TO
 THRILL MILLIONS



DIRECTED BY
 RUPERT JULIAN

SUPPLEMENTARY DIRECTOR AND
 SUPERVISION BY EDWARD SEDGWICK

As Rare as They Come!—these yellowing ads rescued from the crumbling pages of 1925 newspapers. Shown for PETER CLAUDIUS, LARRY & JIM HAMILTON, FRANK MATTHEWS, DAN JENKINS, JOE JANOWICZ, MARK MCGEE, CHRIS KOPPEL, GREG BAILEY, CRAIG LAMLEY, MICHAEL FRAGLIN, ALLIS VILLETT, SHOXO UHARA & GERALD SARAUER.

THE



The Creation that Captured the Imagination of the World. Historic foto from the files of Marcel Delgado, the man himself who made the models of KING
KONG.

famous monsters of filmland

KONG OF KONGS

In retrospect—nay, every living aspect—he towers as tall as Everest, this Mountain of a Monster, this Colossal King of Super Beasts who first burst forth upon staggered cinema-goers 30 years ago.

KONG!

As Lon Chaney shall not die... and Lugosi lives eternal... so KING KONG survives, supernal in the annals of animation, imagination, creation—genius!

KONG!

The name that reverberates down the corridors of time with the wonder of thunder. Can a magazine staff do verbal justice to the greatest gift ever bestowed on lovers of perihistoric cinemadventure? It is our earnest prayer that in words we shall be able to recreate images worthy of the subject, capture on paper the essence of the inspired film we all agree was a masterpiece beyond compare.

KONG!

... not a word, not a name, but a song!

**100 minutes
that mesmerized
mankind**

"Out of an uncharted, forgotten corner of the world, a monster... surviving 7 million years of evolution... crashes into the haunts of civilization... onto the talking screen... to stagger the imagination of man!" Those were the very words, the promises they read in their souvenir program book, that First Nite Audience in Hollywood, Calif., when they came to see the 8th Wonder of the World. They were not disappointed.

It was Friday evening 24 March 1933, and the penetrating rays of the



KONG'S co-producer
& co-director,
Merian C. Cooper in 1932,
in the pipedream
that became a multi-
million dollar legend.



Robert Armstrong as Carl Denham, the motion picture producer who brought back the 8th Wonder of the World—alive!

KING KONG CREDITS

An Idea Conceived by

MERIAN C. COOPER

Executive Producer

DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by

ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK

MERIAN C. COOPER

Original Story by

MERIAN C. COOPER

EDGAR WALLACE

Screen Play by

JAMES CREELMAN

RUTH ROSE

Chief Technician

WILLIS O'BRIEN

Technical Staff

E. B. GIBSON

MARCEL DELGADO

FRED REEFE

ORVILLE GOLDNER

CARROLL SHEPPHARD

Music by

MAX STEINER

Art Directors

CARROLL CLARK

AL HERMAN

Photographers

EDWARD LINDEN

VERNE WALKER

J.O. TAYLOR

Sound Effects

MURRAY SPIVAK

Production Assistants

ARCHIE S. MARSHK

WALTER DANIELS

Art Technicians

MARIO LARRINAGA

BYRON L. CRABBE

Sound Recorder

E. A. WOLCOTT

Film Editor

TED CHEESMAN

RUNNING TIME: 1 hr. 40 mins.

banks of searchlights illuminated the skies, turning nite into day. Stars & crowds filled the forecourt of Grauman's world-famous Chinese Theater with clamor & glamor. In cement squares in the sidewalk of the forecourt, the imprints of the immortals: the handprints of "The Thief of Bagdad"—Doug Fairbanks; the autograph of "Dr. Jekyll"—Frederic March—& "Mr. Hyde"—John Barrymore; the kneeprints of Mammy singer Al Jolson, the man who gave motion pictures their voice. In an alcove of the western wall, dominating all, the bust of the mighty beast himself—King Kong. Had he risen, that nite, and implanted his footprint in the cement, the whole forecourt would have been crushed to dust, pulverized as tho by a charge of TNT.

You've heard of TNT, I take it? Dynamite. Our most powerful explosive before the atom bomb was invented.



The full-size bust of KONG as he was seen "in person" in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, 1933. (From the collection of Marcel Delgado.)

prolog to the picture

Inside, before the fabulous film came on the screen, there was a live stage presentation, themed around KING KONG and leading up to the actual motion picture. It was in 17 parts!—with such acts as *The Voodoo Dancer*, *Return of the Hunters*, *Gathering of the Tribes*, *Dance to the Sacred Ape*, *The Captive*, *In the Tree Tops*, *The Safari* & *Goodbye Africa*.

Then, at last, with excitement at fever pitch, the historic film began to unreel.

For the first time, ears heard the glorious musical score of Max Steiner.

For the first time, eyes beheld the inspired handicraft of artisan Marcel Delgado, builder of the body of Kong and the throng of prehistoric creatures.

For the first time, brains were dazzled by the plot twists of Edgar Wallace & Merian Cooper, the screenplay devel-

opments of James Creelman & Ruth Rose.

For the first time, senses reeled before what was the HOLLYWOOD HERALD called "the most sensational exhibition of camera tricks in the history of motion pictures" as the audience paid obeisance to chief technician Willis O'Brien, the animating force behind KING KONG.

30 years later, Obie's widow said to me: "King Kong was Obie. It was his personality. I could just see Obie in Kong's every movement, every gesture."

KONG'S own story!

Before we get *behind* the story, into all sorts of fascinating technical details & human anecdotes, critics' opinions, etc., here is the thrilling fictionized version of KING KONG itself—with

an important addition.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE, the collector's item periodical in which this story was originally serialized over a quarter century ago, has long since ceased to exist. No one associated with monster magazines today secured copies at the time (simply because half of them weren't born yet!) and to track down the instalments of the story at this late date, well, few individuals could afford the time for the search or the money for purchase if successful.

To the original story, however, *Something New Has Been Added*. Since, at the time it was written, there were no filmmonsterzines, no "organized" monster fans, the story was not strictly beamed at beastophiles but the general public. The fatal fact is: many of the "good" parts were left out of the narration!

So: your editor has *written in extra*



sequences in the story. That is to say, happenings on the screen & descriptions that were not originally included in the Mystery Magazine version, have been put into our exclusive version herewith.

Ray Harryhausen, Kong authority #1 who's not doubt seen the picture 100 times or more by now, would have been the ideal individual to consult for notes about the dinosaur sequences but he was far away in Spain at the time, working his animagic on HG Wells' *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON*, so we wish to gratefully acknowledge consultation of Kongophile Mark McGee for dinosauria details to refresh our aging memory cells. You see, we're not as fortunate as many of you younger readers, in that we don't have the spare time you do to watch *KING KONG* every nite in the week when he's revived on TV!

Chapter 1 DESTINATION UNKNOWN

The 3 men in the skipper's cabin aboard the tramp ship *The Venture* were a hard-looking lot.

"I say, it's time the skipper & me know where we're bound for." The big first mate, Jack Driscoll, gave a hitch to his trousers before he let himself down on the edge of Captain Englehorn's bunk.

Carl Denham snorted. He cocked his head to one side and listened to the churning of *The Venture's* propeller.

"We're going half speed." He scowled accusingly at the skipper. "What's the big idea?"

Capt. Englehorn evaded the other's eye and said nothing. He bit off a generous portion of tobacco and chewed noisily. His right foot kept tapping the floor as if beating time to the crunching of his jaws.

"Are you two going soft on me?" Denham sneered.

Jack Driscoll had been staring down at his feet. Now he lifted his head.

"You know better'n that," he said slowly. "You've sailed with us before, Denham—and we've taken you wherever you asked us to without a murmur. But it's different this time . . ."

Puzzled, Carl Denham turned from the first mate and looked at the skipper for enlightenment.

"Jack's right," said Englehorn thru a tobacco-stained corner of his mouth.

"What do you mean . . . different this time?" he snarled. Then sudden understanding struck him. "The girl! Is that it—the girl?"

Jack Driscoll grew red as a beet. A lot of hardness went out of his face for a moment.

"Have you gone sappy over the girl?" Denham demanded with contempt in his voice.

"I'm sappy over nobody," Jack said angrily. "And I'm not running out on you, either. Only, get this—there are things a girl can't do, things she oughtn't to see and dangers she could not be asked to face." The first mate

spoke with grim insistence.

"Jack's right," the skipper echoed. "What's more, the men are getting restless. There are matters about this trip they can't understand. They want to know why we've shipped more than 3 times the men that are needed to handle a boat this size—and somehow they found out about the ship's papers being faked. They want to know why we're carrying enough munitions & gas bombs to fight a war. They're a tough lot but all this secrecy is getting on their nerves."

"Since when is a crew supposed to have nerves?" Denham barked.

For a time nothing more was said. Jack Driscoll kicked his heels against the side of the skipper's bunk. Carl Denham paced the little shadowy cabin like a caged beast of prey.

At last the skipper spoke in mollifying tones.

"You've got to admit, Mr. Denham, that I've held to the course you laid out—we're weeks & weeks out of New York and where are we? We're way west of Sumatra—in waters I've never known before, tho I know the East Indies like my own hand . . ."

"Where do we go from here?" Jack Driscoll broke in.

"Southwest," said Denham shortly.

"Southwest!" The skipper's square face set itself in angry lines. "Southwest! Have you gone crazy? Look at the chart, man! There's nothing that way but thousands of miles of water. What about food? What about coal? What about . . . say . . . what is there Southwest?"

"There's an island," said Carl Denham, softly.

Chapter 2 THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

From his wallet he took 2 pieces of worn paper. Carefully, so as not to break the creases, he spread one on top of the other.

Englehorn & Driscoll leaned over the table.

Stamp collectors' item! The rare 100 simoleon variety is reputed to have borne the legend, "Help Stamp Out People!"

POST CARD

I AM
COMING.

EXPECT
ME SOON
HIS
KING X KONG
MARK



SPACE

FOR

ADDRESS



Fay Wray as Ann Darrow, "bravest girl the world has ever known."

"You'll find that island on no chart, except this one," Denham said solemnly. "It was drawn by the skipper of a Norwegian barque."

"He was kidding," said Capt. Englehorn.

"No. No—he wasn't. Listen. A canoe with natives from this island was blown out to sea. When the barque picked them up there was only one of them alive and he lived only long enough to give my friend a kind of description of the place and a fairly good idea of where it lies. I've known the master of that barque for years and he gave me that map the last time I was in Singapore."

"Supposing it's all true," Jack Driscoll drawled. "what is there about this island that makes it so darn fascinating?"

"Wait," said Denham.

He lifted the top sheet and pointed to the paper underneath. On it was a crude drawing of a piece of land.

"Here's what it looks like. At this end there is a long sandy peninsula. The only place to land is thru this reef." He indicated the point with his thick finger. "The rest of the shoreline is sheer precipice, hundreds of feet high."

"Well—"

Denham held up his hand. He did not go on immediately. His eyes were filled with a far-away look.

"That peninsula is cut off from the rest of the island by a wall . . . a wall that goes clear across the base of the peninsula," he said at last.

"A wall?" the skipper and the first mate spoke in unison.

Denham nodded.

"A wall," he affirmed gently.

Driscoll jerked his head back desisively.

"So we've come all this way to take a picture of a wall!" he grumbled.

"Not the wall . . . but a picture of what's *behind* the wall."

Chapter 3 THE HORROR BEYOND THE WALL

"That wall," Denham went on, "is so old that the people who live there now have forgotten the high civilization that built it. But it's as strong today as it was centuries ago. The natives keep it in repair. They need to!"

"Why?" Jack Driscoll demanded impatiently.

Denham drew a long breath. He asked:

"Have you ever heard of . . . KONG?"

Capt. Englehorn gave a short laugh.

"Sure," he said. "It's a Malay superstition about a god or a spirit or something."

"Kong is behind that wall!" Carl Denham asserted impressively. "He's neither beast nor man—he's a monster—holding that island in the grip of deadly fear."

The skipper and Jack looked at each other skeptically. The first mate got off the skipper's bunk and stretched himself with a yawn. The skipper tugged thoughtfully at his walrus mustache.

"Alright," said Englehorn. "We'll look for your island and when we find it—we'll help you to photograph your monster—if he's there, that is." There was a glint of humor in the old man's eye.

Denham said nothing.

Jack Driscoll started to leave. His hand on the door knob, he paused and turned to Denham.

"But the girl doesn't go ashore," he said.

Denham spun around. His face was distorted with rage and there was a queer light, almost fanatical, in his eyes.

"She goes along!" he roared. "She's in the picture! What do you suppose I brought her along for? Why do you think I picked her out of the gutter, starving—if not for this picture? Besides it's not me that wants her—it's the public!" His tone changed to one of bitterness. "I can risk my neck a



Capt. Englehorn charts the course for . . . Skull Island!
Natives of Skull Island. Enough to frighten King Kong?





KING KONG.

Kong as drawn by WILLIS O'BRIEN himself in the last years of his life. Original watercolor (made for the unproduced KING KONG vs. FRANKENSTEIN) is in the possession of Mr. O'Brien's widow.



Bruce Cabot as Jack Driscoll, who dared dinosaurs from the Dawn of Time.

dozen times—I can bring 'em a picture of you & me being gored to death by a charging rhino and what good would it be—without a woman! Bah!"

Jack Driscoll watched him thru narrowed lids.

"The girl stays aboard," Jack repeated stubbornly.

Chapter 4 THE DARING MISS DARROW

Up on deck, Jack looked around for Ann Darrow. She was standing in the bow, leaning over the rail, watching the ship cleave the water.

"You look cross," she said. "You just hate having a woman aboard your ship—don't you?"

"I did at first," he half mumbled, "but I don't anymore."

"It's been a wonderful trip, so far—" "So far, is right," he broke in, grimly.

She was startled by his manner. "Is anything—anything wrong?" she asked anxiously.

Jack Driscoll looked out to sea.

"Plenty," he said after a while. "Denham is trying to find some damn—excuse me—*island*. There's a monster on it that the natives are scared to death of—"

"Why, that's thrilling!"

"You don't know what you're talking about. He wants to land there to make a film—"

"But it will be terribly exciting, Jack!"

"You've never been with him before. But I have—and so has the skipper. Denham's reckless—he doesn't know what fear is. The last time he had the

natives stampede a herd of elephants right on top of us—God! I thought we were all done for."

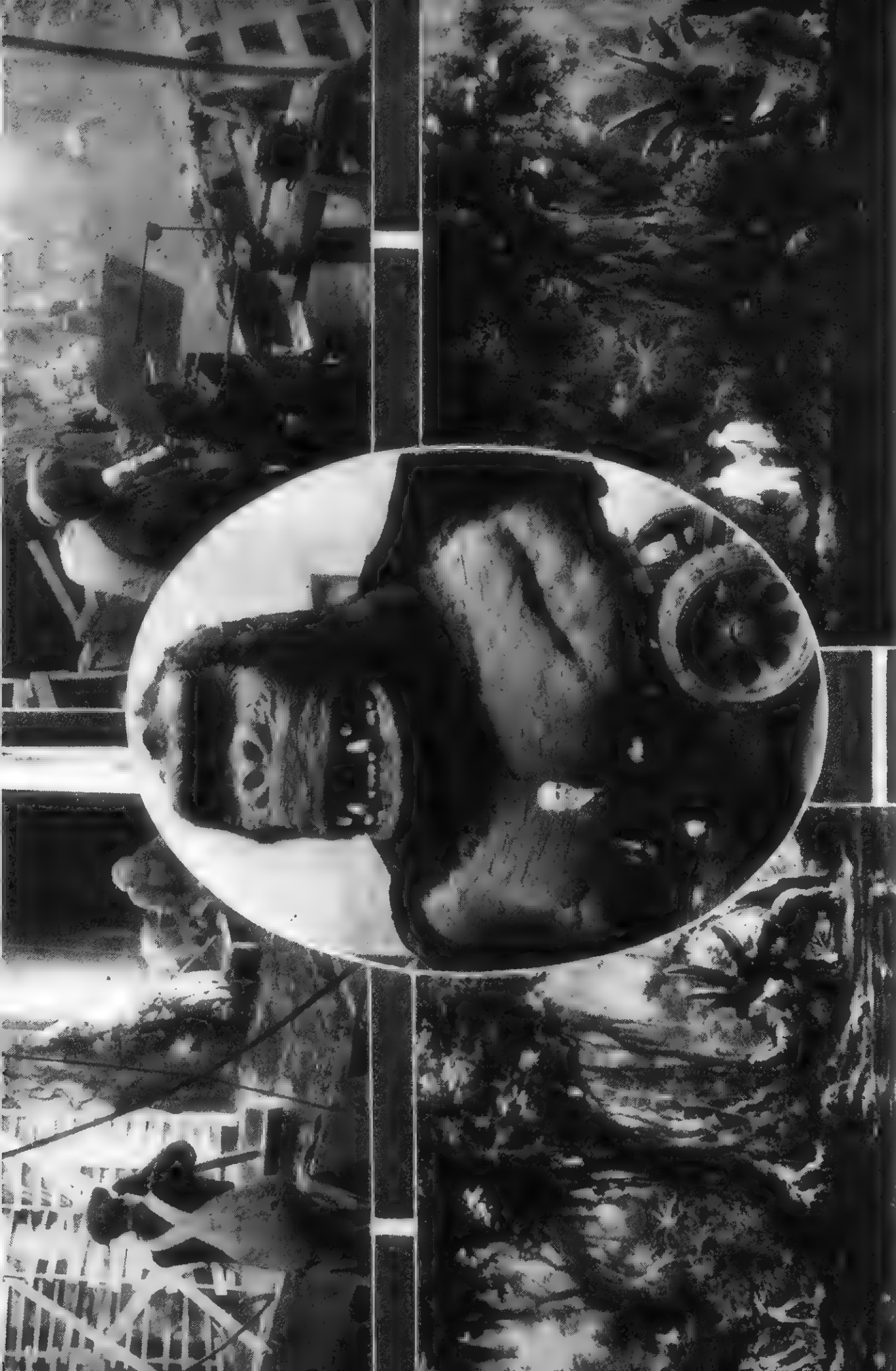
He watched her and saw the sparkle in her eyes with increasing misgivings.

"Some pictures it might be alright. You think you're not afraid because you haven't seen what I have; but you won't be able to stand what's on that island!"

She stared at him in amazement.

"What is there on that island, Jack?" she questioned gently.

"I can't describe it—I don't know exactly—Denham doesn't know. It's a monster so terrible that the natives have built a wall to protect themselves. I didn't believe it when Denham first told me—but I do now. Why? I'll tell you why . . . because Denham himself is afraid! And Denham is a devil!"



The Immortal Obie himself in the oval center, posed with the super-anthropoid whose models he so skillfully animated. Surrounding fotos show various facets of model work. Note how closely reality of completed product on lower right matches artistic concept of same scene, lower left.



Left to right, Carl Denham, Capt. Englehorn, Ann Darrow & Jack Driscoll, along with rest of camera crew, set ashore on Skull Island.



Denham & his men first confront the natives.



He stopped & dropped her wrist with an air of despondency. He paced the deck a few times; then he came back to her.

"I can't stop you, Ann," his voice was low. "And I can't stop Denham . . . only you can do that, by refusing to go thru with it."

There was a trace of moisture in her eyes as she looked up at him. She placed her hand lightly on his arm.

"I understand, Jack." Her voice shook a little. "It's very very nice to have you feel that way about me—and even tho I'm not afraid, I wouldn't go if you didn't want me to . . . only . . . well I just have to."

"Why do you have to?" he demanded passionately.

"You see, Mr. Denham's been very kind to me. He picked me up from the street, starving. I was trying to steal

an apple off a fruitstand and the Italian who owned the stand was making an awful fuss about it, when Mr. Denham came along & fixed it up. He explained to me that he couldn't find a girl for the part he had in mind because of his reputation—being so reckless & all that—and asked me if I would go along—of course, I didn't know about the island then—but even so, I guess . . . I'm sort of obligated."

Chapter 5 SKULL ISLAND

Early the next morning they came upon the island with dramatic suddenness.

A sailor had been heaving the lead constantly. They were blanketed in a fog and the skipper was nervous. He was running agin at half-speed. Den-

ham was cursing; he cursed the fog, the skipper & the lookout up in the crow's nest for not sighting land. They were in the vicinity of the island, Denham was positive.

"Thirty fathoms & no bottom," the sailor droned. But a few minutes later: "Bottom! Twenty fathoms!"

That cry seemed to stir them all. They waited tense & silent.

"Sixteen fathoms!" the sailor called.

"Breakers ahead!" the man in the crow's nest yelled.

"Ten fathoms!"

Capt. Englehorn leapt from the telegraph. There was the sound of reversing engines. Driscoll blowing at the forecandle: "Let go!" and the noise of the anchor chain.

"Listen!" said Driscoll. "That's not breakers. That's drums."

He was right. They could hear it

plainly enough now that they recognized it. The dull torturing sound of drums.

Bum-bu-um bum. Bum-bu-bu-bum.

Ann Darrow shuddered. There was something awesome about that throbbing noise. It was like listening to the beating of an irregular giant pulse.

"Have them lower the boats, skipper," Denham shouted. He was in a fever of excitement.

The skipper detailed 12 men to accompany them ashore. The ship was left in charge of the second mate.

"Come along, Ann," Denham ordered.

As they approached the beach the incessant thumping of the drums became louder. Not a soul was in sight. They landed and unloaded their stuff, and proceeded cautiously up the beach. Presently they came to a cluster of deserted huts. It was behind these that the natives must be assembled. Further back they could now clearly see the great wall.

They heard the faint sound of a chant.

Slowly they went on past the huts. There in a clearing close to the wall was what appeared to be the entire tribe. They paused in their tracks, spellbound by the weird spectacle.

Between the chief & a witch doctor stood a young girl. She was cald in garlands of flowers. Lovely, brown, lithe & very proud, she stood there, terribly frightened. The whole mass was swaying to & fro, chanting mournfully.

"God!" Denham whispered. "What a shot! Where's the camera—quick!"

Chapter 6 DISCOVERY

He was about to set it up when there was a shout. They had been discovered by one of the natives.

The drums stopped, the chant died down and the swaying of the mass ceased. For a time the natives stared at them in silence. Then the chief, signaling 2 warriors to accompany him, came towards them. Within 10 feet of Denham he halted.

"Steady, everybody," Denham cautioned. "Never let a native see you're scared. Do you think, Englehorn, you can make out their lingo?"

The skipper, who knew most Malay dialects, thought he could.

"Tama di? Tama di?" There was menace in the strange guttural words coming from the chief.

The moment was a tense one. Unconsciously, Ann Darrow moved closer to Driscoll.

"He says," the skipper translated, "'Who are you? Who are you?'"

Boldly Denham advanced a few paces. He motioned Englehorn to follow. "Tell him we're friends—put it on thick!"

Englehorn spoke slowly.

"Tabe. Bala kum nono hi. Bala! Bala!" he said.

"Bala reri. Tasko! Tasko!" the chief answered sternly.



The fierce warrior chief of Skull Island, faithful servant of Kong.
(Noble Johnson.)



Capt. Englehorn (Frank Reicher)

"What did he say?" Denham asked.
"He said: 'We don't want friends. Get out. Get out!'"

The witch doctor rushed forward. He leered hideously at the strangers, then jabbered to the chief.

He had caught sight of Ann!

The chief addressed himself to Englehorn. His attitude was more conciliatory. He made a long speech in which occasionally the word Kong was understandable to Denham and the first mate.

When he finished the skipper turned to Denham. His face was very grave.

"This is bad business," he said. "They want Ann—a gift for Kong—to be Kong's bride. They are in deadly earnest. They are willing to buy her for 6 of their women. Denham, we're in for it."

Ann gave a gasp.

"Tell 'em to go to the devil," said Denham to Englehorn. "But tell them we'll be back tomorrow—to make friends. I've got to get that picture somehow or I would spit in the old boy's eyes."

Chapter 7 DISCOVERY—OF A DIFFERENT SORT

"It's time you went to bed, Ann," Jack Driscoll said, brusquely.

It was late and they were on deck, sitting on a hatch.

"I hate to leave that moon," Ann said softly. "Besides I don't think I could sleep. Those drums make me nervous . . . I was kind of scared there, this afternoon . . ."

"Of course, you were—I was myself. What does Denham mean—putting you in a spot like that! You're not going back tomorrow—I'll have it out with him in the morning."

"I must if he wants me to, Jack. He's done a lot for me."

"Lot—nothing!" he snorted. "When it comes to taking a picture, he's crazy—he'd stop at nothing. Ann—I'm scared for you; when I think of what might have happened—this afternoon . . ."

She looked at him, her eyes shining. "If anything was to hurt you, Ann, I—I just—"

"Just what, Jack?"

She was very near to him. Big Jack Driscoll felt his body unaccountably tremble. He looked at her pleadingly for help.

"What is it, Jack?"

"Ann—Ann—I love you."

"Yes, Jack. I know."

He looked at her—unbelieving. She didn't laugh at him. It wasn't possible and yet—suddenly he crushed her to him.

For a long time he held her so, her head buried against his chest. Finally she struggled to free herself a little.

"If only—" her voice came muffled, "you'd let me get my breath—I'd like to tell you that I love you, too, Jack."

"Driscoll! Are you on deck?" It was the skipper's voice from the bridge.

"Yes, sir." Jack leaned down & kissed her.

"Come up a minute, will you."

"Yes, sir."

Again he kissed Ann.

"I'll wait for you here, the night is so lovely," said Ann.

Chapter 8 DISAPPOINTMENT

Alone, she looked at the stars. There seemed more of them than a little while ago and they seemed brighter than before he had put his arms so fiercely around her. She clasped her knee in her hands and rocked gently back & forth, crooning to herself. Life was very wonderful just then.

Behind her, rising like an evil spirit from the sea, a horrible face peered over the rail.

It was a face painted yellow & red. There were blue rings around the eyes and a thick silver bar stuck horizontally thru its nose. With the silence of death the witch doctor climbed on board. A few swift noiseless steps and his hand was over her mouth. He lifted her up, dashed to the side and an instant later was gone.

Just outside the gate, Ann Darrow saw the altar! It was built of stone and 2 huge stone columns rose from it.

The witch doctor led the way.

Between 4 warriors, Ann, like one in a trance, walked up the broad steps that led to the gate. Half-way up she turned & looked back toward the sea. Once more she cried out—"Jack! Jack!" in a voice of despair. They lifted her to the altar and stood her between the stone posts. Her hands were lashed to the columns so tightly that her wrists ached. She was facing natives and the sea where the ship & her last slim hope lay. At her back was the jungle with its mystery—and Kong!

Now the natives swarmed to the top of the wall. Hundreds of torches flared up, dispelling the darkness. The drums rumbled. They beat the mighty gong and the natives, driven to a frenzy, yelled & leapt up & down on top of the wall.

Then they closed the great gate & braced it.

With the shutting of the gate, Ann's heart seemed to stop beating. A pitiful little cry escaped her lips—there was nothing more now. In front of her the wall, crowded with hideous madmen, and behind her darkness—and something fearful beyond her imagination.

The chief's voice could be heard above the tumult:

"Kara Ta ni, Kong. O Taro Vey, Rama Kong."

"Wa Saba ani mako, O Tar Vey, Rama Kong."

The skipper wasn't there to tell her the fateful meaning of that solemn invocation:

"We call thee, Kong. O Mighty One, great Kong."

"Thy bride is here, O Mighty One, great Kong."

Chapter 9 THE COMING OF THE KING

Then over it all fell an unearthly silence, a silence more terrifying, more significant than anything that had gone before.

Against her will, Ann turned her head as far as she could and looked with dilated eyes over her shoulders into the blackness of the jungle. She heard noises like the crunching of bushes & the breaking of trees—then more distinctly, the sound of ponderous footsteps. Another minute, and into the light came a great hulking figure, fear-some beyond all description.

KONG!

Ann screamed.

The horror, the overwhelming fear & desperation of that cry carried down to the beach where the boats were just landing and Jack & Denham as well as the skipper were tumbling out of them in feverish haste, and set them racing towards the wall.

The gigantic figure of Kong came slowly nearer the altar.

He did not at once look at Ann. Instead his glance traveled along the wall, surveying the tall silent natives who must have seemed like the tiniest of pygmies to him. They were his subjects—his slaves.



Sheet music issued for pianists!

Ann, to horror-struck to scream, kept her eyes on Kong. Her mind seemed keenly alert—she wondered why she hadn't fainted—she was astonished at her ability to grasp everything so clearly—and now she saw on Kong's face a look of surprise, Kong's fat ape-like face could be curiously expressive. It was a very old face—7 millions years, in fact—and full of wrinkles from hardship & time.

He was the last of his race.

Chapter 10

HISTORY OF KONG

Shortly after his birth, his parents had been killed in a titanic battle with a 30-ton tyrannosaurus. The 1-ton orphan had had to fend for himself, battling a hostile world for existence, many times narrowly escaping death. When only 200 years old he had had a near-fatal encounter with a pterodactyl, a fight with the huge flying reptile which might have ended his life; but he was lucky & clever and not only killed the soaring monster but gathered its eggs for food!

As millions of years went by Kong grew huge & strong—king of his domain, ruler of the savage human beings who came & settled on his island—Skull Island—somewhere off the Malay Peninsula. The natives worshipped him as a god—and brought him appropriate living sacrifices.

For more years than his great brain could remember he had come to his altar to find a tender morsel to please his palate. Always before she had been dark; generally, black; sometimes brown—but never white, as now! And never had there been one with hair the color of gold.

Old Kong peered at her more closely, as tho he distrusted his first impression. Then he tore away the vines that fastened her and picked her up in his huge paw. She seemed very small, like a living doll in a child-giant's hand. He held her close to his face; the heat of his burning breath scorched her body.

Kong turned & lumbered off into the jungle darkness. In his hand he carried Ann.

Chapter 11

ANN IS LOST

Denham & Driscoll were covering the last 100 yards to the wall at break-neck speed. Behind them came the skipper & his men. They'd heard the shouts of the natives—they saw them on the wall waving their torches in a delirious farewell—and they knew that Ann was gone.

The warriors were storming down from the wall; they had seen the approach of the strangers.

"Open that gate," Driscoll ordered the sailors.

As a dozen huskies made for the gate, an ominous growl—half fear, half rage—rose from the natives. At last they got the bar down and tore open the windows. Jack Driscoll ran



Aboard ship anchored off Skull Island, Ann Darrow dreams of romance—little dreams of the menace just a hands' grasp away!



30 Years Ago Fay Wray & Merian Cooper looked at the issue of *Mystery*, featuring Miss Wray & Bruce Cabot on its cover, from which our fictionization of KING KONG is reprinted.



to the opening just in time to see the giant ape vanish with the girl he loved.

"My God!"

He fell back.

"What is it, Jack?" Denham croaked.

Driscoll stared into the jungle, stunned. When he came to he reached for Denham. His big hand took Denham by the lapels of his coat. He slammed him against the wall.

"Curse you—she's gone! You—!" Driscoll screamed.

Denham's face grew purple with rage. He lifted his fist; then with swift understanding of the other's feeling, he dropped it.

"Sorry, Jack—I couldn't forsee this—I'm going after her, Jack—I'll have her back to you—or else . . ."

"I'm with you, Denham—I lost my head."

"We're all going!" the sailors yelled.

"Who's got the gas bombs?" demanded Denham. "Alright, you & half the men come with us. The rest of you & the skipper stay here—and keep that gate open—do you hear?"

Swiftly they marched out. Denham called over his shoulder once more:

"Whatever you do—keep that gate open, Englehorn!"

Chapter 12

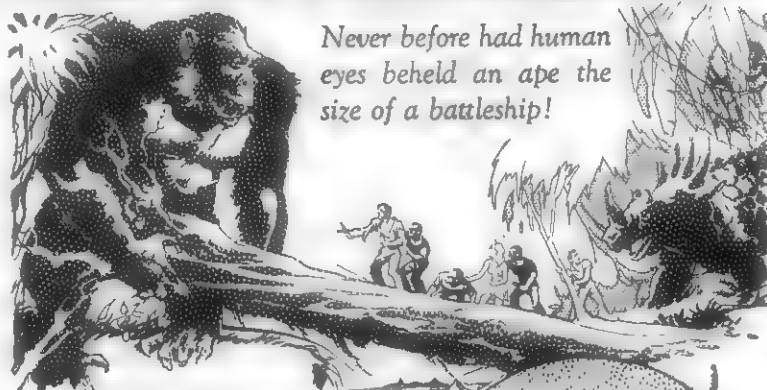
PURSUIT OF THE MONSTER

Driscoll & Denham led the sailors straight ahead into the nite. A hundred yards or so outside the great wall they came to a halt. They had plunged thru the gate heedlessly, in a fever of excitement and with only one thought—to rescue Ann from Kong. But now the appalling magnitude of their task struck them with full force. Before them lay the island jungle, doubly fearsome

Above, tabletop shot of miniature work; below, with reduced size live-action projected on screen behind cut out portion at top of sacrificial stairs.



MONSTERS OF CREATION'S DAWN BREAK LOOSE IN OUR WORLD TODAY!

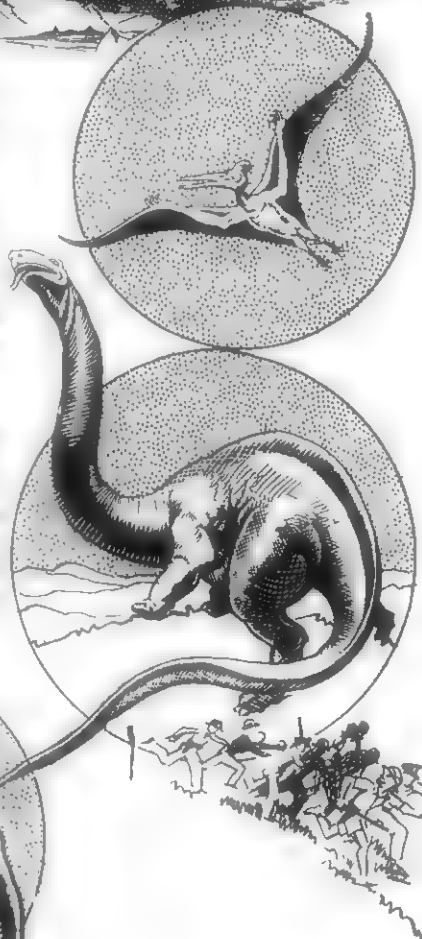
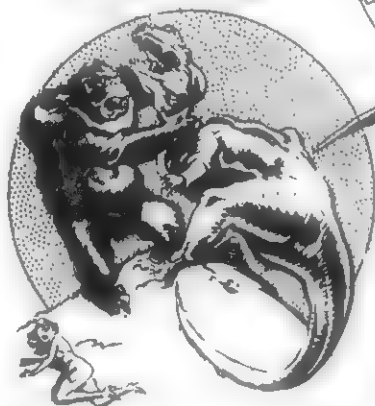


Never before had human eyes beheld an ape the size of a battleship!

CAUGHT between two monsters—the 50 ton triceratops and KONG, the ape who ruled before Man!

THEY SAW the flying lizard, the fierce brontosaurus, big as twenty elephants . . . and all the living, fighting creatures of the infant world!

(Below) The giant ape leaped at the throat of the dinosaur and the death-fight was on! A frightened girl, in 1933, witnessed the most amazing combat since the world began!



because its unknown terrors lay cloaked in utter darkness. Should they turn right or left or proceed straight forward?

"What was he like, Jack?" Denham asked huskily. "You got a glimpse of him."

A look of pain passed across the first mate's face at the question. The thought of Ann, whom he loved more than he had ever thought it possible to love any one, in that monster's grip brought beads of perspiration trickling down his cheeks. His whole frame trembled.

"Denham—he was as big as a house. An ape of some kind—and he was carrying Ann in one hand—like you or I might carry a loaf of bread." Jack Driscoll almost sobbed.

Denham placed a kindly hand for an instant on the other's shoulder. He was silent, staring into the nite, watching for the dawn to break. But when he next spoke he was himself again.

"Don't worry," he snarled arrogantly. "no ape is going to make a monkey out of me. Where the devil are those gas bombs?"

"Here, sir." The sailor who answered was scarcely more than a boy.

"What's your name? Jimmy? Alright, Jimmy—you stick by me. Let's go!"

Chapter 13 INTO THE UNKNOWN

On they went. Now & then they stopped to listen for a sign from Ann or the frightful beast that had carried her off.

"What time is it?" Denham asked. "It must be almost sunrise."

"I don't care what time it is," Driscoll answered gloomily, "as long as it isn't too late."

"Look!" one of the men cried.

The first shaft of dawn light, sifting thru the trees, had fallen on a huge footprint.

"It's enormous," Denham exclaimed. "But we're on the right track—come on!"

They hurried on at increased speed. They found themselves hastening along the top of a vast crevasse. Down below they could make out dense shrubbery & the gnarled trunks of age-old trees. Eventually they came to an open glade. Here Kong's footprints were plainly visible in the soft earth. Some of the sailors broke into a run, darting across the glade to the farther side where they disappeared in the forest.

They were out of sight not more than a minute before they came tearing back—screaming with terror. They were in a panic, throwing their weapons right & left. They were shouting a frantic warning, meaningless & incoherent, pointing all the while over their shoulders at the woods behind them.

Out of the primordial jungle, a crash like thunder heralding its approach, waddled an enormous spike-tailed beast, appalling beyond anything the eyes of modern man had ever beheld. The size of a Greyhound bus, it was armored like a tank, its dirty gray hide tough to the point of impenetrability.

In its horrid head, 2 vicious little eyes. Sprouting from its back, stalagmites. A stegosaurus!

Ten tons of terror!

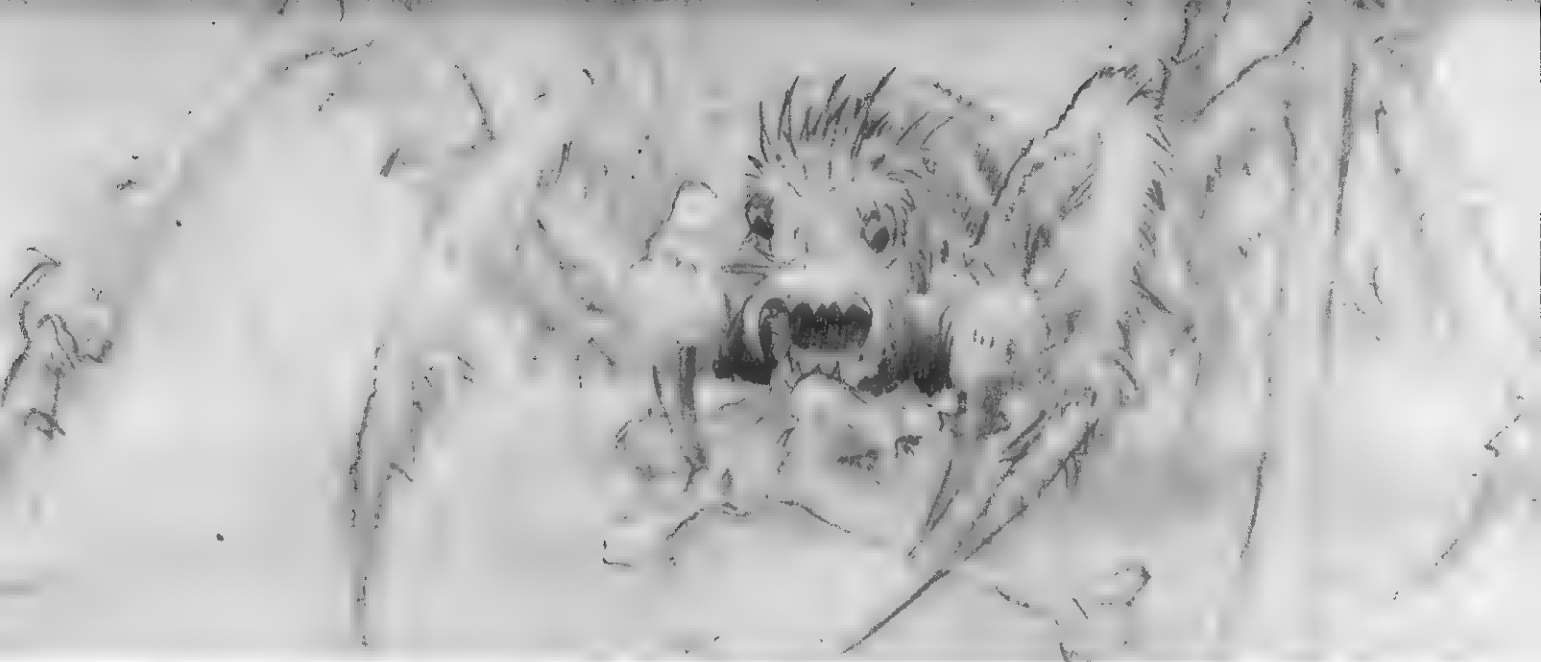
Chapter 14 "BATTLE WITH A BEHEMOTH"

Driscoll took aim with his revolver. Six times he fired but the beast remained motionless except for its head which moved up & down massively.

The shots had no effect on it at all.

Time stood still for a few fear-fraught seconds and then—the great animal galvanized into action; with astonishing speed for a body so big, it charged!

It opened wide its hideous jaws and the roar that issued from its raw red gullet clearly defied such things as puny man-made bullets to stop it in its tracks.



We promised you the censored giant spider. Well . . . this isn't it! Not that we don't have it—local Kongophiles like Mark McGee, Tim Dillenbeck, Chris Koppel, have seen it & could testify to that! But—just as we were about to publish it, Marcel Delgado found this rare preliminary sketch for us. We thought it would be anticlimactic to publish it after showing you the actual spider, so we're running it first . . . and next issue we'll show you the genuine foto.

The men screamed & scattered for cover. Only Driscoll, and Denham with Jimmy by his side, stood their ground. Denham, his feet planted wide apart, waited till the thing was almost on top of them.

Then he hurled a gas bomb.

There was a deafening roar as the bomb struck the animal, exploding just below its wedge-shaped head. As a cloud of noxious vapor enveloped them, the brute stumbled, fell. Anew, it rared in rage & agony. The smoke was stifling, breathtaking.

Gasping, the 3 men threw themselves onto the ground. They buried their faces in their arms to escape the choking gas.

Finally, Denham ventured to look up. The smoke was clearing. He could see the huge beast staggering, rocking from side to side like a building shaken by an earthquake. Then it crashed to the ground with a roar like a herd of rhinos.

"Those gas bombs will bring down anything," Denham asserted with satisfaction. "We'll get your ape alive Jack!"

"Never mind the ape," Driscoll said sharply. "It's Ann we want. Come on, we're losing time!"

As Denham's men warily started to file past the mountainous carcass of the fallen beast, the stegosaurus twitched. "Look out, he's still alive!" cried Denham.

A shot.

A roar.

"C'mon, that got 'em!" Denham declared confidently. Now that the danger was passed, he inspected the monster at close range with a critical eye. "Look at the size of that thing!" he exclaimed. "It must be as big as a house!"

"What do you call this thing?" queried Driscoll.

"Why, something from the dinosaur family."

"Dinosaur, eh?"

"Yes, Jack—a prehistoric beast."

It is but the first of many prehistoric beasts that they are destined to meet in this Lost World where dinosauria still roam—and rule.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

The Saurian Stars of KING KONG—Stegosaurus, the spiked-one; Brontosaurus, with the rubber neck; Triceratops, with the triple horns; Tyrannosaurus Rex, the King of the Prehistoric Reptiles—and Kong, the King of Them All!



THE AMAZING ACKERMONSTER

"I tracked him to his lair—and he gave me a lair cake!"

—Paul Linden

Part 2 (Conclusion)

What Has Gone Before:

In the preceding issue I related (in 9 pages illustrated with 10 fotos) how I found myself before the door of the Ackermansion in Horrorwood, Karloffornia... how, hesitant to knock, fearing what demon I might summon, I almost heeded the warning of the cadaverous and nervous coachman who had driven me there... but, finally, screwing up my courage with my electric screwdriver, I rang the bell—and shortly thereafter my most macabre misgivings materialized.

I met Mr. Filmonster Himself.

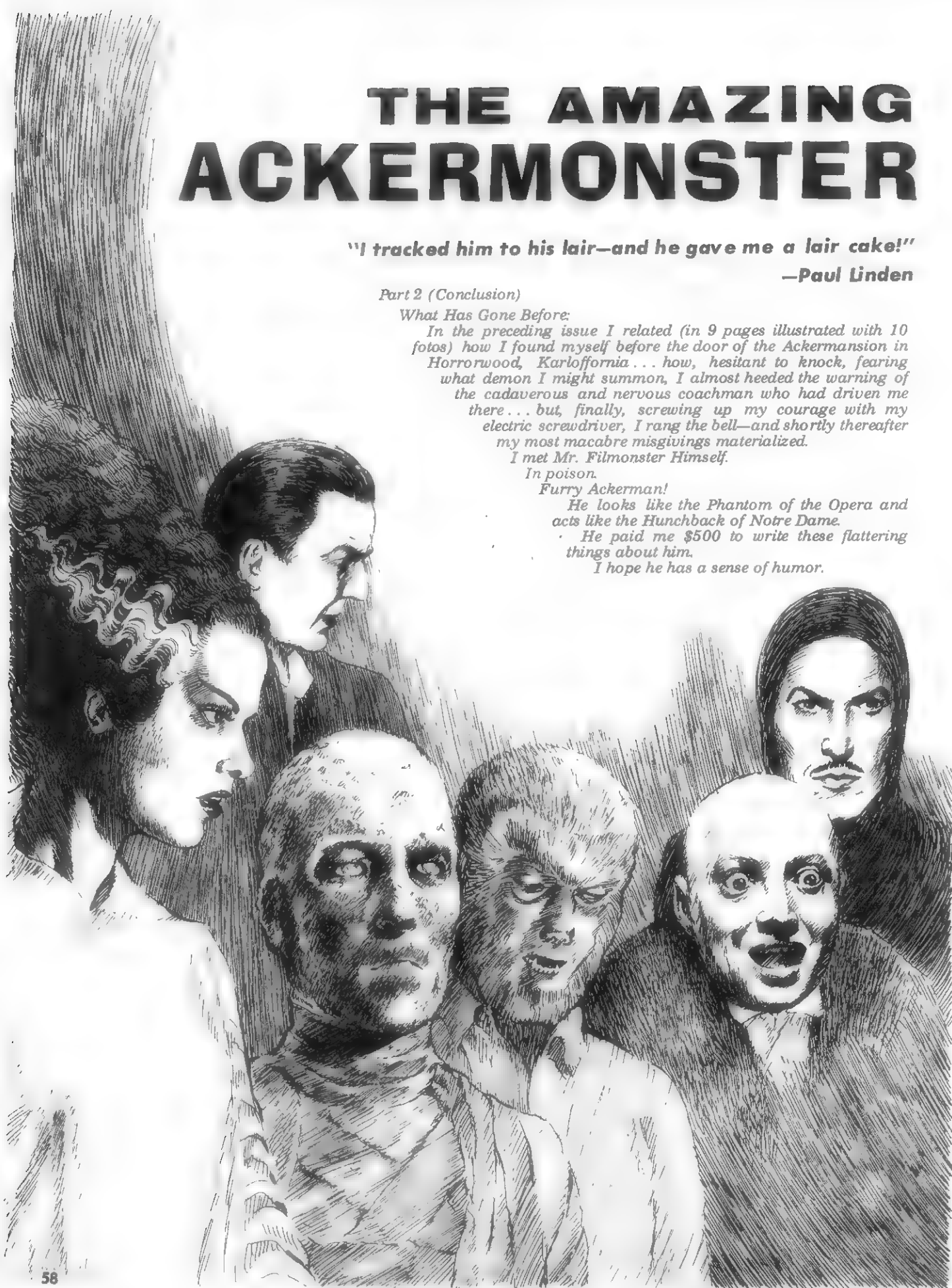
In poison.

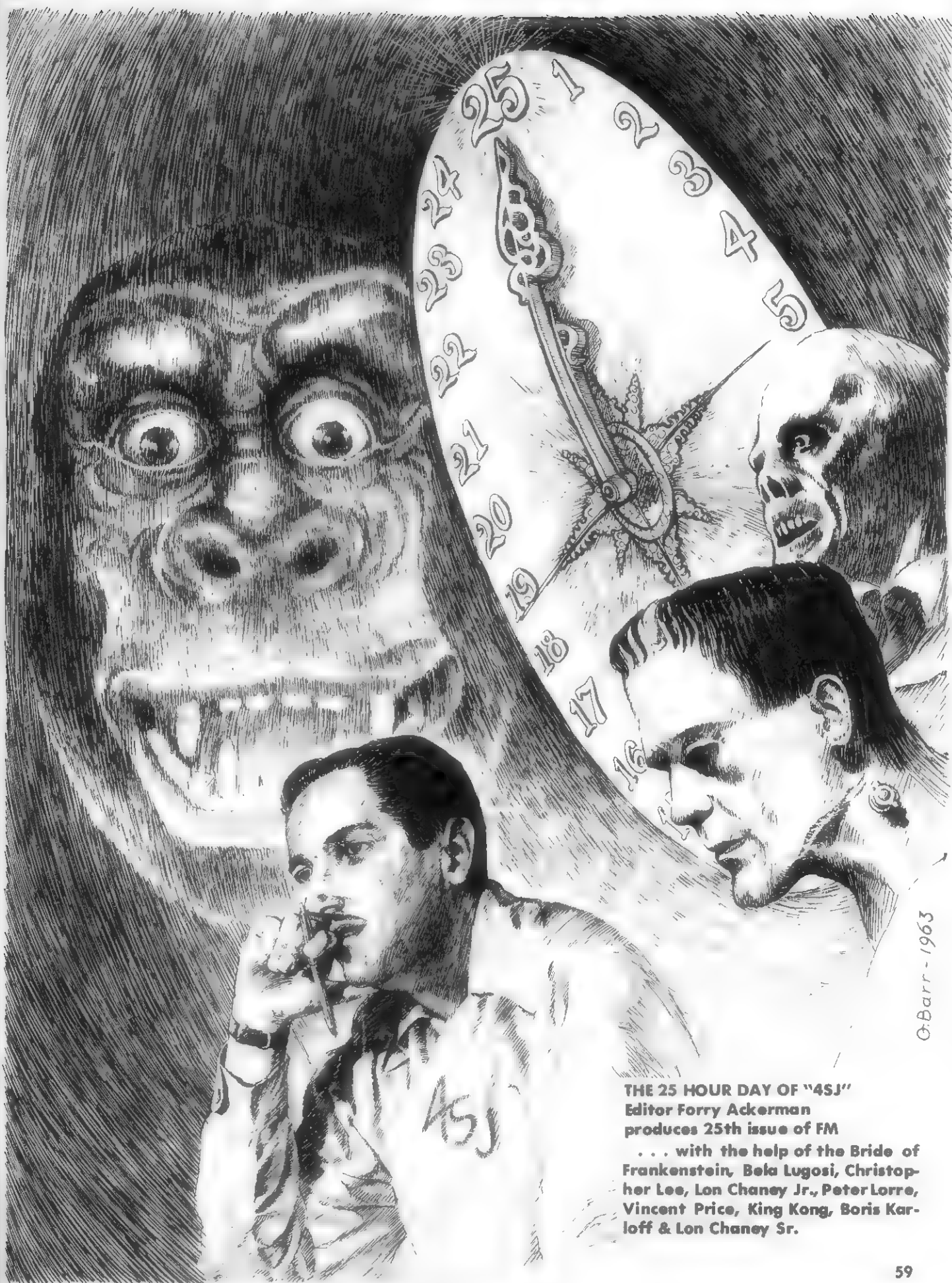
Furry Ackerman!

He looks like the Phantom of the Opera and acts like the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

He paid me \$500 to write these flattering things about him.

I hope he has a sense of humor.





THE 25 HOUR DAY OF "45J"
Editor Forry Ackerman
produces 25th issue of FM

... with the help of the Bride of
Frankenstein, Bela Lugosi, Christoph-
her Lee, Lon Chaney Jr., Peter Lorre,
Vincent Price, King Kong, Boris Kar-
loff & Lon Chaney Sr.



In his office, FJA nibbles a cuticle while concentrating on an article. This picture was not posed with a deliberately cluttered desk but was photographed exactly as the desk was in use at the time (during the production of *FM #24*). Forry's fervent hope: "That this foto will go far to explain to uncounted scores or readers 'round the world why I have not yet got around to responding to their various requests. I have a bulging file marked ANSWER, and I do answer as many as I can, but it is like shoveling sand into the ocean & expecting to fill it up. I am afraid I am 6 months behind & may never catch up."

day in the life of fja

"I wonder if you could describe a typical week day for me?" I asked.

"Well, I wonder if I could too," he replied. "First of all—week day, Sunday or holiday, they're all pretty much alike to me. I rarely make any distinction—I work about as much on weekends or holidays as any other time. The only thing I don't like about Sundays or holidays is—no mail. I guess I love mail like a cat loves milk. My engine only begins to purr when my mail's arrived. Of course, every delivery doesn't bring me all great things—some days I 'should of stood in bed'—but, most mornings, I bound up at the crack of 10 or 11 with the sweet sound of a fresh supply of postal surprises ringing in my ears. You see, I have my whole house miked & when the mail carrier arrives the noise of the squeaky hinge on my mailbox is transmitted to my pillow thru my intercom system.

"By the way, if 10 or 11 seems an abnormally late hour to rise, let me justify my 'laziness' by explaining that I frequently work thru the nite, not retiring till as late as 4 or 5 in the morning. Not that I especially prefer being a nite owl but I have been forced into this nocturnal pattern. Bit by bit, as the magazine has become more popular & I have acquired more friends & more readers have discovered my phone number & address, my daylight hours have become increasingly interrupted. It has gotten so that it is practically impossible to do any creative writing due to the 'traffic.' Sometimes I wonder if I'm living in a house or the United Nations Bldg. The minute school is over you can depend on it I get a rash of calls; the phone goes crazy."

telephone terror

Here Forry's stream-of-consciousness carried him through turbulent waters. "Typically, a monster fan calls

a firsttime. Anyone I'm happy to talk to *once*—answer a few questions—maybe invite over to see my place. But, encouraged, the fan now calls back the next day—with more comments or questions. The calls become a daily routine. If they can't get me by day, they call my nite. Sometimes they call twice a day. One visit on Saturday isn't enough—it starts to be every Saturday. And then they bring a friend. And then the friend starts calling. They have great imaginations in one direction but not enough to realize there are *other* people trying to reach me too—maybe Bob Bloch or Ray Bradbury or Geo. Pal or even my publisher, Jim Warren. Or maybe my mother. People more important for me to talk to than some youngster about what I thot of the special effects in *THE GIANT GILA MONSTER*—a picture I saw once many years ago & haven't thot much about since. Heaven help me when a new double horror bill is opening during the week—first, every other buzz-bug assumes that I never look at the newspapers & therefore

am unaware that the pictures are soon to play; then, as soon as they have played, everyone is after me for my opinion. Monster movies are my business but I must confess I get weary as a werewolf agreeing over & over again how marvelous or how miserable a film was.

"Another thing: my time is my money. People—Rod Sterling, Ivan (Science Fiction Theater) Tors, the Thriller program, etc.—have been known to pay me \$25 for an hour or a portion of one. The monster fan who weekly wastes 45 minutes of his time on the telephone never stops to realize he is getting free from me what professional people have to pay for."

I couldn't help interrupting with, "Well, don't you ever turn them off, tell them you're busy or plainly not to call you all the time?"

turn of the screw

"Turn them off?" he groaned. "How! Have you ever tried to turn off Niagara? I say, 'Look, I'm sorry, they're picking up the mail in five minutes & I have to drive over on the avenue with a lot of stuff to be collected,' & they go right on with 'Just this one more question,' which turns out to be something of burning importance like 'How did THESHECREATURE die?' One caller, Murray Kaufman, is such an exception to this rule that I want to single him out & mention him by name for special praise as one who reacts instantly & vanishes in a puff of smoke when he gets the word from Ole Massa Forry that I is busy. From my standpoint, about 99% of the calls I get are not at all necessary; too many of them, constantly, only put me in a bad humor & make it bad for everybody. I am perfectly capable of getting so fed up that I refuse to answer the phone all day long—& then everybody suffers, the innocent alike with the guilty."

"Mightn't an unlisted number be the answer?" I volunteered.

"It's Ray Bradbury's solution but it's only a partial one. The number leaks around & every few months you have to go thru the nuisance of having it changed again & informing the important people who really need to know the number."

"How about an Answering Service?"

"I've thot of that too. But I'd resent being forced to a double expense of not only having to pay for the Service but for returning all the calls that others initiated. Actually, the answer is for all my friends & admirers—to consider my situation & self-discipline themselves. Every time they're tempted to call, ask themselves 'Is this call really necessary?' Fascinating as it may be for the individuals on the other end of the line, my function for fiendom is not best served by talking on the phone 12 hours a day to local fans. The logical conclusion of that would be that I would never get any maga-

zines created, Suppose Boris Karloff, for instance, spent so much of his time autographing pictures & answering letters & giving out interviews that he had no time left to act in pictures.

heart of the matter

"Here's another thing: there are people all over the country—the world—who will have to be satisfied to hear from me *once* in their life, have me answer some simple question, send them a picture. Uncounted thousands will never be able to talk to me on the phone even once, never set foot inside my house. Is it fair, then, that so many around town should waste so much of my time? Not only does it make me angry but I feel guilty when someone

I have taken the time to show thru my home wants to talk to me all the time on the phone while literally *hundreds* of unanswered requests are in my ever-growing Answer File. Stop & think about it, fellows. Have a heart."

I said: "You must be too easygoing. Many of your constant callers must not realize how desperately busy you are and how much they are imposing on you. I hope your plea does some good."

Forry smiled wryly. "I doubt it will do any good," he said. "Every one of them will probably consider themselves a special exception or will figure that, now that the word is out, there will be so far fewer phone calls that it will be OK for *him* to call. And phone calls aren't the only thing—Saturdays around here have gotten all out of hand."

Like Nature, Forry abhors a vacuum, and so when he notes an empty spot anywhere in his domain he is quick to fill it up. Here he's putting a silverized head of the Frankenstein monster in a niche in his book library in his front room. (Head a present from FM fan & friend John Andrews.)



"How do you mean?"

"I mean, it has become commonplace to have 15 callers, sometimes half a dozen individuals in different rooms at the same time."

"You just let *anyone* wander into your house? Don't strangers ever, er, abuse your hospitality?"

"If by abuse my hospitality you mean do I ever miss anything after they're gone—yes, I'm afraid I've lived to regret many a visit. Would you believe that someone once walked off with a *bat* I had on display, hovering over Bela's statue? At least I doubt it flew away of its own accord—seeing as how it was stuffed. I was particularly annoyed because it was a gift. Also, somewhere in the world today—probably reading these words—is someone who helped himself to some of my stills from SON OF KONG, stills which meant a lot to me. I had a sentimental attachment to them because they were not just any old pictures that I picked up thru the mail or traded somebody for in the last year or 2; they were fotos I had acquired with my own 2 hands 30 years ago when they were new. Thru thick & thin I had carefully preserved them & before I could even share them with the FM audience somebody made off with them for their

someday somebody will grow up a bit (morally as well as agewise) & mail my bat back to me—or my SON OF KONG stills—or other items I may not even be aware of—even anonymously. I don't require any confessions—just the return of my possessions. I don't suppose you can expect adolescents to be angels—I can understand my house must be as tempting to a young monster fan as a sweet-toothed Kong in a sugar warehouse—but I would like to think that filmmonster fans were sort of super scouts when it comes to the honesty & trustworthiness department. I would like nothing better than to be able to report next year—and the year after & the year beyond that—that all mysterious disappearances in my house had ceased despite a doubling of visitors.

"But I'm straying far from your original question about what life generally consists of for me in a day.

into the mailstrom

"I get up, shower, put in my contact lenses, dress &—dash downstairs for the mail. I sit in my patio & pore thru the pile. Sometimes I open it haphaz-

clients. Of course, anything emanating from *Jim Warren* I automatically read first—but mail from my publisher (& great good personal friend) generally is separated from the rest by virtue of the fact that it arrives by Special Delivery.

"By the way, I love Special Delivery letters. They can never arrive too early or too late to disturb me. I must be one of the postoffice's best customers for sending them—and one of the most appreciative recipients. When I was a teenager I dreamed that when I was grown up & famous I would automatically receive an airmail special delivery copy of every science-fantasy magazine from every editor. I have, alas, never become that famous. I had to create my own magazines to partially realize that dream for I do get advance copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS & SPACEMEN special. But if the postoffice continues too often to misinterpret "Special Delivery" (the name of the Letter Dept. in *SPACE-MEN*) & delivery ordinary mail to me with 30c postage due, I'm going to have to change the name of the dept. or go broke!

"So: I read my mail. This can consume the better part of an hour. Sometimes—about once a week when I get



Ah, a light mail delivery today—shouldn't take more than an hour or 2 to skim thru . . .

private collection. Someone else *cut* a picture of Bela Lugosi or Boris Karloff—I forget which offhand—out of one of my foreign film magazines. Prize pressbooks have vanished, along with pocketbooks & hardcovers."

I expressed astonishment that Forry would continue to expose himself to such hazards. He shrugged sadly. "Don't think I like it," he said. "I was sick when I found my bat missing & portions of my KING KONG pressbook cut out behind my back. Of course you can't very well put back a cut out picture but I keep hoping



Coffee table in front room displays partial product of Forry's last 5 years of professional productivity. (Headless cat glimpsed in background is by one of Forry's favorite artists, Cynthia Goldstone.)

ardly but more often I flash thru it all first, arranging it in the order I want to read it, according to the names that promise the most rewarding contents. Foreign mail is frequently accorded precedence because France, Germany, Japan, Turkey, Australia, England are most likely to produce fascinating fotos and/or information from Michel, Romer, Druillet, Unbehaun, Kochiro, Scognamiglio, Collier, Partidge, Douthwaite . . . Envelopes from editors & publishers take high priority as they contain some interesting news for me as a writer or for one of my

a package of fanmail forwarded from the Home Office—it can take a couple. When I get the Fang Mail, I count it before I read it, & pencil the number of letters on the back of the big envelope in which they arrived, on the theory that I'll save all the envelopes & add all the figures & that way know accurately how much mail I received on any particular issue.

"I have never accomplished it yet.

"And that is because I have abominable filing habits, such as laying things down on the nearest handy surface, be it livingroom chair, piano,



Toy Time! Small wonder Forry has daily to fight off hordes of neighborhood tots, who want to come into his livingroom & play with Robby the Robot, King Zor the dinosaur, flying saucers, spacemen, Buck Rogers pistols, etc.

diningroom table or kitchen sink. Inevitably, they disappear. They sink beneath the surface like Atlantis. I really hate myself for this bad habit.

mail to mealtime

"After reading my mail it's generally time for my first meal of the day & I hike over on the avenue (for deliberate purposes of waist-control since I detest all forms of artificial exercise), a distance of about a mile, round-trip. While I walk, I read: usually the movie news in *DAILY VARIETY* & *HOLLYWOOD REPORTER*. I may transact some business at the bank, the post-office, browse at the newsstand.

"Back home, I start to take care of the most urgent mail. I am constantly checking lists & ordering stills, posters, 'wunshes' (onesheets), pressbooks & ancient movie magazines for the future benefit of *FM*, *SM* & *STI* and science-fantasy books, paperbacks, prozines & fanzines for my personal collection.

"Of course, almost immediately I enter the office (built onto the back part of my house) the phone begins to ring. Nearly every day I hear from

fanta-film scout #1, Dan Levitt, who turns up incredible quantities of fascinating cinemantiquities. Three or 4 times a week he calls in person & we conduct our business, which is always a pleasure. I doubt that any other filmonsterzine editor averages any where near the thousanddollars a year which, at a conservative estimate, I spend on fantastic stills & similar film-material. I spend an equal amount or more annually on increasing my basic science-fantasy collection.

"The remainder of the day goes quickly by taking care of mail, telephone & in-person callers. Every day has its regulars such as some of the many science-fantasy fans I know about town from 30 years' attendance at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society; professional people like van Vogt, Nolan, Bradbury, Nuetzell; then there are always the surprises which could be an Esperanto-speaking science fiction fanne (female) from Japan, or someone I met in Germany, or Ace Editor Don Wollheim in town briefly from New York. There are the inevitable neighborhood monsters after stamps, comics, free monsterzines (somehow I am expected to have an endless supply for everyone).

famous monsters of filmland

"In the late afternoon when the chimes sound & I talk to the front door via my intercom it is generally the parcel post truck leaving me anywhere from 1' to half a dozen packages. Every week I look thru what is called the *PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY*, from which I religiously order every book that smacks of sci-fantasy, so bundles are always arriving. Sometimes the deliveries can be pretty astonishing—I hit the jackpot & they're nearly a yard high.

ack-tivities

"I forgot one daily ritual which takes place first thing along with looking at the mail: checking the newspaper for previews. I'm an inveterate preview-chancer. See more lousy movies that way that otherwise I'd avoid like the plague. But hope springs eternal & every once in a while I'm richly rewarded with a winner which the general public won't get to see till half a year later & maybe never in as full a form.

"If it's a Thursday nite it's pretty much of a foregone conclusion where I'll be: at the LA Sci-Fsy Soc'y. Any

ACKERMOSTER ALBUM



Forry tunes in TV set (one of two in house) on which he watches *Twilight Zone*, Boris Karloff's *Thriller*, *Silents Please* and revivals of fantastic films of all vintages. Frank R. Paul back over from *AMAZING STORIES* in foreground, Albert Neutzell combining Peter Lorre (bald head barely visible) from *MAD LOVE* with Elsa Lanchester as *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* on TV top; Walter Keane print of *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*-like-big-eyed wonder-child in background.

"Who keeps everything
dusted around here?
I do! Kerchoo!"



When you've rung the doorbell at the Ackermansion, chances are you'll first hear Forry's voice as he speaks to you from his office thru this intercom.



Forry faces the music. Part of his extensive collection of records, principally albums of popular songs sung by Al Jolson, Frank Sinatra, Maurice Chevalier, Dean Martin, Marlene Dietrich, Eartha Kitt, Johnny Mathis, Judy Garland, etc. Books on top of record cabinet are in a special class by themselves, the International & Hugo Winners of bygone years.

other nite in the week (except Sundays when I visit my mother & aunt and watch Ed Sullivan, Dinah Shore, Candid Camera, What's My Line & Open End) I most likely go out to a show, not necessarily monsterish. In addition to space & horror films I like pictures of modern problems, musicals, comedies—actually most anything but run-of-the-mill westerns & historical spectacles. I like Wm. Holden, Dirk Bogarde, John Wayne, Frank Sinatra, Kirk Douglas, Rock Hudson, Curt Jurgens, Tony Curtis, Terry-Thomas, Peter Sellers, James Mason, Susan Pleshette, Christine Kauffmann, Brigitte Bardot, Susan Hayward, Natalie

Wood. I loved Marilyn Monroe; I have never been *that* crazy about Elizabeth Taylor. My all-time favorites, outside monster stars, have been Marlene Dietrich, Simone Simon, Ana Sten, Sari Maritza, Bing Crosby, Conrad Veidt.

"Al Jolson & Maurice Chevalier have been the singers who have meant most to me.

"I have loads of records by Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Johnny Mathis, Eartha Kitt, Timi Yuro, Frank Sinatra, Miyoshi, Frankie Laine, Marlene Dietrich, Julius LaRosa, Pat Suzuki, Joy Teal, Paul Anka, Bobby Darin . . . I like Elvis Presley. A

couple of my Most Favorite Albums are: "Mink in Hi-Fi" (Monique Van Vooren) & Gordon Jenkins' "7 Dreams" (especially dreams 6 & 7).

"So: at nite I go to a show or socializing at some friends' home; then, when I come home around midnite, & the world at last leaves me alone (*maybe*—for now people have even started phoning at 12, turning up at the front door at 12:30 a.m.!), I start writing those articles about Kong & Kharis & Karloff & all the fantastic film happenings from here to Paris.

"And before you ask me why I like to rhyme & pun so much . . . I *don't* know!"

I should perhaps point out during the time Forry was telling me the foregoing, at a conservative estimate the phone rang a dozen times. "That may be someone I should really talk to," he'd say, "but 9 chances out of 10 if I answer it will just be one of the daily disturbers, & if I tell them I'm in the midst of an interview right now, they'll only want to know, 'Oh, can I come over & listen?' or 'When is it going to appear?' or 'Be sure & tell what happened to the Blood-Beast.' Believe me, you'd be here till midnite if I answered every call. And most of the questions are about as important as phoning President Kennedy to ask him what color the next commemorative stamp is going to be. Don't get me wrong, don't think I hate my readers—I love 'em—but a lot of the local ones don't exercise good judgment or restraint in their relationship with me. I'd hate to be forced out of my own home & off into some little hideaway office in order to accomplish my work but I know that's what Ray Bradbury's been obliged to do from time to time & if conditions get much worse around her I'll have no alternative.

"Tying in with these remarks," continued Forry, "while I have the attention of a captive audience I'd like to emphasize these points:

"I have nothing—repeat; *nothing*—to do with either the subscription end of the magazines or the advertising. You don't complain to the President of American-International if your popcorn wasn't buttered at the matinee when you saw SON OF THE RAVEN or I WAS A TEENAGE PENDULUM so please don't contact me if your baby alligator eats your baby brother or your parachute fails to open when you jump off the roof of your house. (Personally, I always make my parachute jumps off a divingboard over a swimming pool—making certain I first put on swimming trunks.) And I have no more information than the next guy on what goes on in the Subscription Dept. or why you got an extra free copy of the First Issue from the Back Issue Dept. when you only ordered one. (My advice is to keep your trap shut & maybe they won't wake up to their error & ask for it back.)

"And, please—*everybody*—put your name & address on every letter, foto

UNCALMING ATTRACTIONS

Treats to Come in Future FMs:

The forecast for the fantasias is: high waves of excitement coming!

Another DRACULA has been discovered and Giovanni Scognamiglio tells & shows us all about this Turkish Terror in our Very Next Issue in DRACULA

REVEALED!

In #27 our discovery named Kosloff writes about Lugosi "The Shadow of Dracula."

The cryptic announcement last issue of "Lon Chaney Senior as Frankenstein's Monster" has drawn a deluge of incredulous inquiries. So far we have actually read a Frankenstein film not via the wizard imagination & artistic recreation of Gene Kelly we mean to take you on a roller-coaster issue-by-issue trip thru a parallel world where Lon Chaney did not die but was revived to play the Frankenstein monster, the Wandering Jew, etc. Exclusive! Unique!

We've got an article from Walt Lee, creator of the out-of-print collector's checklist of sci-fi & fantasy films... THE GOLEM STORY by Oscar Estes with fabulous never-before-seen fotos from the magic camera of Philippe Duillet... part 2 of THE KING OF KONG... the end of THE AMAZING ACKERMONSTER... a report on The Dracula Convention... plus all our Famous Features & Constant Surprises!

FAMOUS
MONSTERS
OF FILMLAND

the magazine that
lives to thrill you!



Forry faces the music. Part of his extensive collection of records, principally albums of popular songs sung by Al Jolson, Frank Sinatra, Maurice Chevalier, Dean Martin, Marlene Dietrich, Eartha Kitt, Johnny Mathis, Judy Garland, etc. Books on top of record cabinet are in a special class by themselves, the International & Hugo Winners of bygone years. Artwork: one original Paul plus specially commissioned Nuetzell reproductions of paintings by Wesso, Dold, Brundage & Bok. (Front room.)

& story you send me... not on the envelope, which may be thrown away long before I'm later frustrated to find I can't get in touch with someone. For instance: if Peter Wang will write me I have \$10 for him. The Peter Wang, that is; author of 'Silver Threats Among the Gold.'

"And if you must phone me, & you have a common name, please fully identify yourself. You'd be surprised how many times I answer, to have someone start off with 'This is Bill.' Of course, I only know about a dozen Bills."

Just then the phone rang &, for a change, Forry answered it. Soon I heard him say, "My opinion of WILD WOMEN OF WONGO? Greater than EEGAH. The animation in ROBOT MONSTER? Magnificent! Greater than KING KONG! That Harryhausen sure

is a master at getting the most out of a man in a monkey suit..."

He came away from the phone with a grim expression on his face. "That was Bill," he said.

Next issue Forry will answer those 13 selected questions from you the readers, tell his favorite fantasy films, his favorite "regular" films, how he almost became editor of UNKNOWN WORLDS at one time, his plans for the future, etc. Fotos will appear of the sci-fi magazine he almost edited in 1956. Plus—uncovery discovery; first publication of a long lost drawing Forry made when he was only 17 years old, of Frederic March in his role in DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.

MYSTERY PHOTO

DEPARTMENT

LAST TIME

we ran a female mystery pic our Guessing Game mail picked up fantastically. About 99% of you knew that Miss Ugly of our June '63 Issue was one of the victims of Nazi experimentation in SHE DEMONS; the 1% who went wrong (and who shall be nameless in order to remain shameless) missed all the way from a miss as near as an ant's antlers (for instance, SHE-DEVILS, LEECH WOMAN, VODOO WOMAN) to a Miss as big, say, as the 50' Woman, when they wrong-guessed QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE. We wonder if proper identification of this stunningly beautiful creature will be quite as simple?

Is she THE DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL?
THE SPIDER WOMAN?
One of the FREAKS?

By re-arranging the letters in this cryptic message—SLEEK LAB FOR FAT TIM CHEP—you will learn the title of the picture & the last name of one of its featured players . . . If you can't figure out otherwise what picture this woman appeared in.



As for last month's stumper, here's another look at a scene from that Allied Artists production of 1958 starring Allison Hayes as . . . did you figure it out? . . . the half-a-hundred foot tall giantess in THE ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN.

HALL OF FLAME

**Never To Be Forgotten Faces
in the Horror Hall of Fame**



Bela Lugosi during the last year of his life, flanked by old fiend-friends Basil Rathbone & Lon Chaney Jr. during the making of his last picture, *THE BLACK SLEEP*, 1956.



Frederic March in his Academy Award Winning Role (1932) as the scientist who proved that man was not one but truly two in the Paramount presentation of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic of a split-personality, **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE**.

The gaunt 'n' hauntin' features of **John Carradine** which have haunted **THE HOUSE OF DRACULA** & **THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** are here seen in his characterization as **THE COSMIC MAN**.



END



HAUNT ADS



Non-professional ads to buy, sell, swap stills, posters, pressbooks, pocketbooks, announce fanzines, clubs, etc.—all free to readers. The abbreviation "sae" means seller requests self-addressed stamped envelope; in common practice, it is a courtesy to include one whether asked or not.

WANTED—help in building a Horror Museum. Any size stills from monster or sci-fi films appreciated. **RON WAITE**, 90 Scotch Rd., Trenton 8, NJ... **ZACHERLEY FAN**—willing to trade fotos, articles on almost anyone for fotos, articles on Zach. **SUSAN MUNSEY**, 1756 Carleton Ave., E. Cleveland 12, Ohio... **POCKETBOOKS**—New & Used horror, fantasy, sci-fi, 4 for \$1, ppd. Preferences will be filled where possible. Send to **AASCIFAN**c/b D. Brifhtwell, 1223 Creston, Des Moines 15, Iowa... **MOVIE PROJECTOR**—8mm for sale. Second hand, like new. \$3.75 plus 30c postage. Allow 30 days for delivery. **JOSE JOVEN**, 1918 Lawrence, Indianapolis, Ind... **CATALOG**—of sci-fi & horror pocketbooks & comicbooks. Send to **GARY GRAVES**, 919 Stewart Dr., Dallas 8, Tex... **FM #6**—Wanted. Willing to trade any 3 monster stills for copy in good condition. **LARRY SHARP**, 15336 Cabell, Bellflower, Calif... **CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**—\$2 offered for paperback edition or \$5 for hardcover. **JEFF FERGUSON**, 17 Dapplegray Lane, Rolling Hills, Calif... **RARE FOTO**—of artist's concept of **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN**, taken from original sketch. Bids on this 8" x 10" foto begin at \$1. **MIKE EPSTEIN**, 6928 Toblas Ave., Van Nuys, Calif... **FM #1**—For Sales! Coverless copy, \$1.50. First come, first served. **K. KOENIGS**, 5042 N. 63, Milwaukee 18, Wisc... **SWAP**—"More Stories from



the *Twilight Zone*" & "Zacherley's Midnight Snacks" (both pocketbooks in good condition) for "Dracula" & "Frankenstein." **ALAN EIDELBERG**, 2691 E. 66 St., Brooklyn 34, NY... **MONSTER GREETING CARDS**—originals in watercolors on bristol. Size 4" x 9". Sample, \$1. Send for further info. **M. B. CLIVINSKY**, 79 Eaton St., Elmwood, Winnipeg 5, Manitoba, Canada... **FOTOS FOR SALE**—six 8x10s from **DRACULA**, **FRANKENSTEIN**, **WOLFMAN**, **MUMMY**, **PHANTOM**, **BLACK LAGOON CREATURE**—all for \$3. **DONALD CHAMPINE**, 22733 California Ave., St. Clair Shores, Mich... **PENPAL**—sought, preferably monster fan in Buffalo, NY, area; male or female around 15. **PAUL MARYNIAK**, 111 Doat St., Buffalo 11, NY... **WAR OF**

THE WORLDS—radioscript of the Welles' broadcast in out-of-print pocketbook, for sale to highest bidder or will trade for stills from the film. **JIMMY BOLINGER**, 801 So. Church St., Brady, Tex... **FILMS FOR SALE**—50' **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **MUMMY**, **WAR OF THE PLANETS**, **FRANK MEETS WOLFMAN**, **A&C MEET JEKYLL & HYDE**, \$1.25 each. To swap: 200' **ONE MILLION B.C.** or **A&C MEET J&H** for **A&C MEET FRANK**. All movies 8mm. **KEN LAMOND**, Box 171, Coventry, Conn... **BLACK CAT**—interested in buying any stills or info from 1934 version. **JUDY ALLEGRO**, 547 Jauncey Ave., N. Arlington, NJ... **DRACULA STATUETTE** (as pictured in foto)—From mold of the Hungarian model. Complete, colored, not a do-it-yourself kit.

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monster stills for sale for sale to JOHN DIETERSHAGEN, 115 E. 92 St., NYC 28, NY . . . WHAT HAVE YOU?—monster stills, home-made make-up pix, humorous monster stories & science fiction would be appreciated for a book called "Frankie Stein's School Annual" being made by CLYDE HUDSON, 2245 St. Swither Lane, Eau Gallie, Fla. . . . FM 1,3,4,5—needed. \$1.50 apiece offered by BILL KLINE, 3515 Camberra Ct., Westerville, Ohio . . . STAR-LITE FILMS—amateur movie co., plans long color motion picture dedicated to Forry Ackerman. "To do this, I need the readers' (of FM) consent. Please send in your name & foto to me"—RONALD WAITE, 90 Scotch Rd., Trenton 8, NJ. . . . SEEKING—issues 1,5,6 of FM. WAYNE LANE, 325 Grant Ave., Islip, NY . . . HARRY-HAUSEN MOVIES—stills, posters, any material on Ray's films sought by LARRY SHARP, 15336 Cabell, Bellflower, Calif. . . . FILMONSTER FANZINES—wanted by BENNY ROBERTSON, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif. New publishers, send Benny a copy of your publication—he's building a complete collection of monsterzines & needs YOURS. Back issues also bought. He guarantees to send you payment as soon as he receives your magazine . . . STILLS & POSTERS—For Sale. Sae to DAN JENKINS, 3420 Ferncroft Rd., Atwater, Calif. . . . WILL PURCHASE—monster clippings, posters, books & movies. WM. BESECKER, 149 Cleveland Av., Lackawanna, NY. . . . HORROR CLASSICS—8mm versions of HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (2000' on 10 reels), approx. 2½ hrs., \$49.98. PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (1400', 7 reels), approx. 1 hr. & 45 mins., \$45. K&T ENTERPRISES, 100 Lexington Ave., Central Islip, Long Island, NY. . . . WANTED—FM's first 8 issues. GRANT SHANKARUK, 2183 Topping St., Trail, B.C., Canada . . . FM 1 thru 24!—also first 6 SPACEMEN. Highest bidder takes these treasures from STEPHEN MARRIOTT, 761 23 St., Ogden, Utah . . . SEND ME—your list of monster, sci-fi, horror stills, posters, books for sale. Collecting everything along these lines except actual films. Have

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**Backward, Backward, O Time in Thy Flight
And Show Us Once More a Lost Face of Fright.**



**The Demon Dog dreamt of by Arthur Conan Doyle
of LOST WORLD fame.**

**The terrible canine first came to the screen in
1922 . . . returned 10 years later in 1932 . . . was
seen—and heard—again in 1939 with Basil Rathbone
. . . and in 1959 was for the 4th time loosed on the
screen, this time by Hammer Productions, with
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THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.**

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OUT OF

The Dr. Jekyll of 1912!



Long before Barrymore, March, Tracy, Sheldon Lewis or Jerry Lewis!—Harry Benham transformed into the epitom of evil.

HYDING

A volume #27 we were the first filmmonsterzine to show you the face & figure of FRANKENSTEIN 1910. Altho his teeth & his have been in the same or close for nearly half a century, we've learned on another film based on "Frankenstein" made around the time of World War I, and the keenly developed senses of both Doc Savage & Tarzan (aided by expert researchers like Walt Lee, Chris Collier & Don Levitt) have been called into service to help track down further info on this ghastly production. But I say the one monsterzine gets its 10 minute anonymous behind the non-the-plume of "Russian Soldier". We know the title & produced the words—but won't be revealing names until we have the exclusive scoop for you.

In the meantime, another cheap beer with first filmmonsterzine photo from the Thanhouse Studio production of 1912 of Stevenson's immortal science-horror story.

In the words of the doctor, Harry Benjamin pictured on this page:

The picture was a one-reeler made in New Rochelle, NY. James Cruze played Dr. Jekyll, his wife Marguerite Snow was the leading lady, and Cruze & I took turns playing the villainous Mr. Hyde! The picture was directed by Louis J. Riedemann.

As Cruze & I were the same size, we could wear the same clothes & wig but we did not use the same false teeth! We had separate sets, which we kept attached with the same powdered make that doctors wear on their faces.

What I remember most about the making of the picture is that we were constantly changing clothes, after about every scene.

In those days pictures were turned out like a butcher grinds out sausage. Sometimes it took only 3 days to turn out a one-reeler but this one was slower because of the delays in changing the characters so it lasted over a week of filming—much to Thanhouse's chagrin!

Later at the same studio Benham made a 2-reeler in which he played 9 parts! Called HARRY'S WATERLOO, the film employed double, triple, even quadruple exposures so that he could appear on the screen in all 9 character roles (both male & female) at the same time! "It took nearly a month to shoot & gave Thanhouse a whole raft of ulcers."

From 1911 to 1916 Mr. Benham acted in perhaps 200 Thanhouse Productions, 1 & 2 reels, including a serial, ZUDORA, and the role of Sherlock Holmes. Then until 1922 he worked for most of the leading film companies of the day.

He is a friend of Claude Rains with whom he acted on the stage.

FM salutes a silent star.

END



"Mr. Hyde" today—not behind bars, as the background suggests, but outside the White House lawn! Mr. Benham was 80 years old on 26 Feb. 1963. We at FM congratulate him, wish him many more happy years of life, and thank his friend Clark Wilkinson for providing us with this fascinating excursion along the lost road to yesterday.

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(Continued from page 7)

name a few, MOTHRA, MAGIC SWORD, THE DEMON, the new color version of THE MUMMY, 12 GHOSTS, THE TINGLER, PREMATURE BURIAL & TALES OF TERROR, also many more of recent vintage, all good in their own right, but to me none could equal the old originals like THE LOST WORLD, KING KONG, FRANKENSTEIN or THE MUMMY. Perhaps for sentimental reasons on my part, as a reminder of my early years in this business, but I have heard many people say they have seen nearly all the horror films thruout the years but none shocked them or just plain scared the heck out of them like Boris Karloff when he first appeared on the screen in FRANKENSTEIN or as THE MUMMY in the early 30s. Now my main gripe is this: many parents refuse to let their children to go see some horror movie because it might give them nitemares or bad dreams. In some cases that is true & some children are oversensitive to such things & should not be allowed to see things on the movie screen that will disturb them emotionally. But at the same time the kids stay home & watch as bad or worse on TV while their parents go to the nearest movie or the farthest one to see the same monsters that they won't allow their kids to see! Perhaps the parents think the kids are safer at home with their TV monsters & bloodshed than they are at the theater, sitting beside their parents. On the other hand some of these same parents will not only permit but insist on the kids going to see such unquestionably adult pictures as GOD'S LITTLE ACRE, FROM THE TERRACE & many more in that category and I refer to one here I had the displeasure to run recently at the drive-in, POOR WHITE TRASH. During the 4 days I ran it we caught at least 12 cars with kids from 8 to 15 concealed in the trunk by their parents so they could sneak the kids in to see it & the same people would not let the kids come to see THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD only a few days later! Because, they said, SINBAD was too fantastic & unbelievable for small minds. I think the "small minds" are in the heads of the parents & not the kids. I also remember a case only a few years ago in a medium sized city in this state where I was a projectionist, a great many people in the community would not allow their children to see THE 10 COMMANDMENTS because, as they put it, it was not exactly according to their religion. Neither did they allow them to see THE FLY but these same people & their kids came in from all directions to see certain other films of an "adult" nature that I was ashamed to run & I've got hardened to anything on film long years ago. In conclusion, I try to explain monsters to young kids who are afraid to see them this way: I show them a piece of film with the creature on it, which always fascinates them, & then tell them, "That man dressed up in that Halloween suits gets paid big money for that & he has little kids of his own at home like you. He loves them & they are not afraid of their daddy & when you grow up maybe you can go to Hollywood & dress up like a monster too & be in the movies like he is." That usually does it. Their fear of monsters turns into a fascination for them. In most cases the parents' decision of what the kids should or should not see is right & I uphold that decision 100%. I have a teenage son & a daughter under 6 of my own and I believe I am in a position to know what they should see & what they should not

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and I enforce that ruling. My young daughter has never acquired a fear of any of the monstrosities she sees on the screen & loves to watch them. Many nites she sits on a chair in the projection booth for hours & watches with great interest such pictures as MOTHRA, 13 GHOSTS, 2-HEADED GIANTS or whatever is out there & she doesn't come home & have nightmares over it. If more parents would only take time to explain what these monsters are & give the kids a chance to see for themselves. I predict if you publish all or any part of this letter it will result in a violent uprising among certain of your readers & a vicious verbal retaliation against me & my beliefs & that is their privilege & constitutional right. But to all those who do I suggest they resign from the human race. But on 2d thot they can't resign from something they never belonged to. In all my years as a projectionist I have many times been blamed, cussed & even threatened for something somebody saw on the screen that they didn't like. I don't make the movies, I only show them as they were made, & I am not allowed to cut out one scene—that is the job of the censors. Well, that's my story, be it good or bad—I hope it is worthy of publishing in your fine magazine for all to see.

MR. C. E. LEWIS
MEADE, KANS.

● Our audience may not be comprised entirely of young folk but they certainly are the articulate majority & it is a treat to hear from a mature individual for a change, especially a parent with such an insight into children & an empathy for adolescents. We have refrained from publishing your complete address, not to protect you from verbal brickbats by dingbats, but for your own safety from hundreds of thousands of readers who undoubtedly would like to be adopted by such an understanding papa who would let them sit in the projection booth & watch 4 monster movies free! Whee! Come to think of it, would you consider adopting a 47-year-old child?—FJA. PS: We would appreciate a foto of you & your daughter for publication.

ANYBODY KNOW BESIDES DRACULA?

Could it be that the 22-year-old (in 1927) Raymond Huntley in the first London stage DRACULA is the same RH who plays an upper-echelon civil servant in practically every British comedy in recent years? (One of his larger parts was the intended recipient of Alistair Sims' bomb in THE GREEN MAN.)

JOHN BENSON
PHILA. 4, PENNA.

KING BORIS, THE BENIGN

I was left awestruck at Forry's deeply moving story about the greatest advocate of horror that has ever lived.

DAVID WHITED
OLD HICKORY, TENN.

Want to write us? (As if we could stop you!!) Address your comments, criticisms, compliments and questions to—

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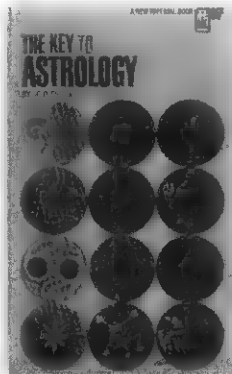
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The Key to Judo is, in reality, the key to defending yourself against attack. Using Judo, a slightly built man or woman can throw and incapacitate a much heavier and stronger aggressor.

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The stars have always been regarded as significant in the affairs of men and nations, guiding both their direction and their destiny. Astrologers believe that the destiny of all men is determined by the stars, the planets, the universe. What are the Signs of the Zodiac? Felix Fairfax gives his interpretations of these questions, clearly & concisely.



THE KEY TO HYPNOTISM

James T. McBrayer unearths the mystery of this science for you in HYPNOTISM SIMPLIFIED. He gives you the basic rules by which you should proceed, the manner and means by which you can put a subject into a hypnotic sleep, the correct way to use post-hypnotic suggestion, and all the rest of the information required by you in learning hypnotism.

THE KEY TO PALMISTRY

Early fortune tellers passed their meanings of the shapes and lines of the hand to the next generation and that generation to the next—each generation interpreting these signs in the light of their times. Leona Lehman, in THE KEY TO PALMISTRY, gives her meanings to the shapes of hands, the mounts, the major lines, the minor lines and all the other variations of the palm.



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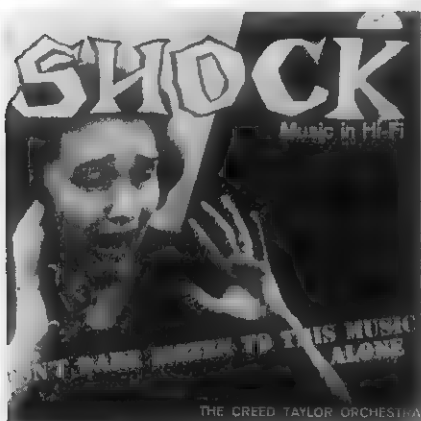
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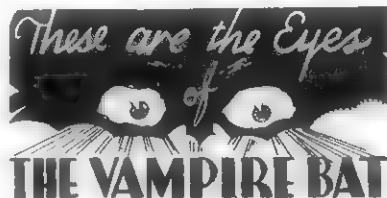
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The original 1922 version of "Dracula" now comes to the home screen. Adapted from the German classic "NOSFERATU", you'll see one of the screen's weirdest characters as the vampire king. Filmed in the days before Bela Lugosi ever put a cape on, shock comes after shock as the film unreels. This is horror's hottest half-hour in a huge 2-reel show. Super 400' version now only \$9.95.



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Here is the original trend-setting horror classic. The COMPLETE film that inspired 20th Century Fox's recent "Caligari" remake. Considered by many to be "the weirdest film ever made — past, present or future", many shockers have gotten their ideas here. Starring Conrad Veidt, Werner Krauss and LH Dagover this motion picture ranks on many lists as one of the "ten greatest films ever made". If you have never seen this COMPLETE production, you have never been chilled as "CALIGARI" will chill you. A rare item for any collection, this is a horror MUST. COMPLETE FIVE BIG REELS — 1000 feet running 1 1/4 hours Only \$34.95



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Desperate men from a strange universe kidnap a noted scientist to help stem the unearthly furies of an outlaw planet. A powerful barrage of exploding missiles follows his remarkable escape. Only \$5.75 for 8mm; \$10.75 for 16mm.

KILLER GORILLA



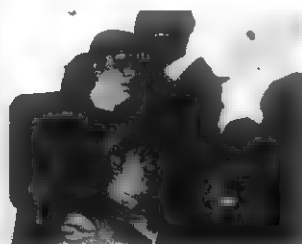
—see the daring capture of the savage bloodthirsty gorilla, actually captured and photographed on safari in darkest Africa—in one of the screen's most breath-taking scenes!

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE



A space ship falters in flight and spins to earth with its mysterious monster visitors. A brave scientist battles against time to send the unearthly monsters back to outer space.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN



Dracula, The Wolf Man, and even The Invisible Man join forces in this comedy shocker! Watch the daffy chain-reaction of fun as somebody dreams up the idea of using Costello's "brain" for the monster.

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Gigantic PREHISTORIC DINOSAURS are shown in a battle to the death as cavemen watch, terrified. The prehistoric days come alive again as the unearthly monsters engage each other in battle.

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BORIS KARLOFF in THE MUMMY



A scientist invents a drug that turns humans into monsters—and Costello gets a dose of the needle as turns into a monster and then Scotland Yard on a zany chase after the real madman! Only \$5.75 for 8mm; \$10.75 for 16mm.

Watch your skin at the... an eerie, spine-chilling, bone-chilling story of your two favorite monster men: Frankenstein and Wolfman meet in some epic monster battle and send you to bed to dream of happy nightmares.

In 1931 Hollywood snapped Boris Karloff in 75 yards of rotting gauze for 6 hours they sprayed his face with chemicals & baked it with clay. The result: THE MUMMY—a genuine horror classic! Only \$5.75 for 8mm; \$10.75 for 16mm.

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BELA LUGOSI AS "DRACULA"



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Boris Karloff as The Frankenstein Monster and Elsa Lanchester as his Bride-To-Be. The Frankenstein monster was too dumb for the Bride (she rejected him 3 times) but horror wrapped in gauze, ragged stitches scarring her neck!

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Savage excitement abounds in the darkest jungle as the brutal giant ape, NABONGA, stalks his victims. This cousin to "King Kong" is just one of the many chilling creatures who menace stars Buster Crabbe & Julie London. A real shocker—this film was once banned for showing to children! Only \$4.95

THE LOST WORLD



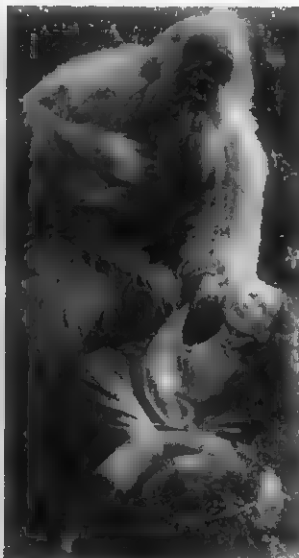
The fantastic 1925 screen classic, featuring the most realistic dinosaurs ever seen on film. This is the original production from which KING KONG was re-made. It is rated as possibly the greatest film a home collector can own. A rare "Screen Thriller!" Only \$4.95

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BLOND GORILLA



One of the true classics of the past 25 years, this motion picture belongs in every serious horror film collection. This version is adapted from a "little known" GREAT of 1945, "WHITE PONGO," a Producers Releasing Corporation picture. The story tells of a mysterious expedition into forbidden jungle territory. Weird scientists leading this search, are looking for the creature that bridges the gap between man and the apes—"The Missing Link." One by one they meet a horrible fate as they discover a strange "White Gorilla." One of the most unusual monsters ever seen in the movies, this huge

ape destroys anything and everything in its path. A truly amazing film. Top talent spared no expense to tell this story. Produced by Sigmund Neufeld, directed by Sam Newfield and photographed by Jack Greenhalgh a most extraordinary cast of players enacted this weird tale—Richard Fraser, Maris Wrixon, Lionel Royce, Al Eben, Gordon Richards, Michael Dyne, George Lloyd, Larry Steers, Milton Kibbee, Egon Brecher and Joel Fluellen. All monster effects were supervised by one of the industry's leading authorities. You cannot afford to miss this superb special. Now only \$4.95.



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MONSTER MODELS

You'll shake! You'll tremble! You'll shudder with delight as you assemble these authentic, life-like kits of the most marvelous monsters that have thrilled and chilled audiences over the past 30 years on the "silver screen." These perfectly scaled model kits are made of styrene plastic by Aurora, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. All models stand 12"

tall and come complete in every detail, just as you see them here. Each model has approximately twenty five separate pieces complete with all the exciting touches. You paint these yourself with quick drying enamel, and when you're finished, the menacing figures seem to come to life and look as if they'll start parading around your room.



THE MUMMY—You'll be delighted at the musty smell of old Egyptian tombs. The real life death-like look with fascinate you as you put the Mummy together. BE CAREFUL how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The snake—but you know all about that . . . don't you?



WOLF MAN—In all his gory splendor, arms upraised, ready to clutch his next victim. Complete in every detail, this kit when you assemble it . . . before you run out of the room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF MAN" surrounded by his favorite playmates.



THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON—We dare you to put this one together. Horror-fresh, straight from the water. Assemble with caution so that you don't stab yourself on the razor sharp claws. Watch the head as you attach it . . . sharp teeth. The snake should be handled with gloves, and the other sweet thing on the left—he's a real surprise.



FRANKENSTEIN—This great model is made up of 25 separate parts. When complete it stands over 12". You paint it yourself with quick drying enamel, and when finished the menacing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the GRAVESTONE base that is part of the kit.



DRACULA—The count of mid-night, hands stretched out in his famous "Terror Stance," looks at you with chilling eyes and grasping hands. Fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree hang two of his favorite bat pets.

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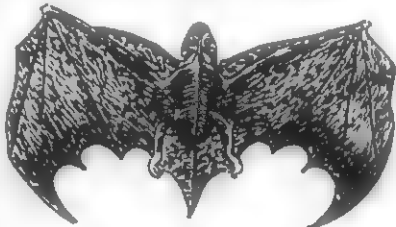
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DRACULA RUBBER BAT

Enough to scare Dracula himself. This rubber bat comes with a suction cup that when stuck on the wall or laid on the bed will cause nothing but grief to the poor victim who walks in unexpectedly. Full price only 76¢ each. Circle No. 3



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Here's a mask that will shock people out of a year's growth! Eerie green skin, black twisted hair, yellow teeth and a staring eye make this one of the most horrible characters ever created in rubber. Only \$2.00 Circle No. 18 in coupon.

NEW!

GIRL VAMPIRE



A white-skinned monstrosity with long black hair and big red lips. Perfect for ghouls to wear when scaring family and friends. Even Mom will have fun wearing this to scare bill collectors away! Only \$1.49 Circle No. 19.

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A new mask just created in answer to the many requests we've had for a replica of the werewolf character now so popular with the teenagers. Colorful, hairy-type face with mouth open showing seven razor-sharp teeth! Only \$1.49 Circle No. 20.

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A big blue-green eye in the middle of the forehead! Nothing like it anywhere! Walk down the street with this mask on and watch the people run. Invisible slits allow you to see out of both your eyes. Only \$1.49 Circle No. 21.



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These colorful rubber claws fit right over your hand like a glove. Enough to scare the wits out of your victims. (The werewolf on the cover of #3 issue is wearing them.) Full price only \$1.50 each hand, or \$3.00 for a complete pair. Circle No. 4 in coupon.

MONSTER FOOT

Gruesome feet are giant size to go on over shoes. Made of latex rubber and horribly painted, these ghoul-like "feet" will frighten all. Create a riot wherever you wear them. Full price only \$1.50 each foot, or \$3.00 for a complete pair. Circle No. 5



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Turn an ordinary glass into a three ring circus. Pour this magic powder into 8 ounces of water. Follow directions carefully and in 2 or 3 days, you'll see tiny fish swimming around. In about 4 to 8 wks. they'll grow to a full 1/2" in size. Just \$1.00. Circle No. 6.

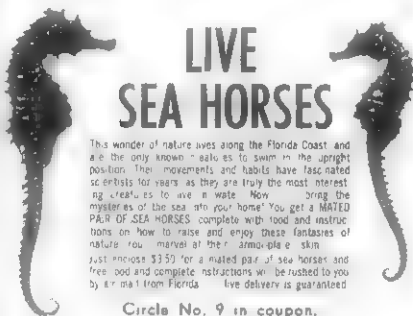
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Let people look inside this 2 1/4" box—then watch them faint! Inside is a horrible-looking type of insect with a fur body, scaly head, red eyes, and twin tendrils coming out of the head. You can make him lift his head and move around! Looks absolutely alive! Only 75¢ each. Circle No. 10.

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Circle No. 9 in coupon.

HOW TO HAVE A SPOOK SHOW IN YOUR OWN HOME



This easy-to-read booklet shows how you can create realistic supernatural tricks in your own living-room without special props. Turn out the lights and work these chiller-diller stunts on family & friends. Ten great tricks. Only \$1.00. Circle No. 1 in coupon.

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As you write with this secret red ink, the writing will disappear in front of your eyes. When you finish your message you will have a blank sheet of paper in front of you. To read your message all you do, is wet the sponge in developing fluid and rub it across the paper, and your writing will appear. You will have time to read the message and then it will disappear again.

You get the complete set. A writing pen, vanishing red ink, developer and a sponge. \$1.00 Circle No. 8.

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Baby Parachutes complete with shroud lines. Small scale model of the real thing in all white nylon. You get 3 parachutes for only \$1.00. Circle No. 23.





GHOUL

Eerie green and yellow ghoul looks as if he just rose up out of the earth! Enlarged ears and mouthfull of horribly large teeth, plus droopy, sunken eyes make this new mask a collector's item! Only \$1.49 Circle No. 11.

FAMOUS MONSTERS mail order department features exciting items for all true monster-lovers, at low cost. Many thousands of readers have already ordered masks and other monster merchandise—and are now busy scaring friends and family silly!

All masks are Hollywood-type, made of extra heavy latex rubber, full-faced and flexible. They actually move with the face, producing a most life-like appearance. Fits loosely on all faces, goes over the top of the head.

It's easy to order the masks and other items: just circle the number of each item you want in the coupon at the bottom of this page. Print your name and address clearly, then mail coupon with the full payment for all items ordered, plus 25c to cover postage and handling. In most cases, the 25c pays for only part of the postage. WE PAY THE REST! All merchandise guaranteed. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

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Horrifying greenish Over-the-Head mask covers entire face, needs no elastic to keep on. Terrific shocker, with yellowish & red features. Looks just like real Hollywood kind, with lumpy skin and scales like fish. Very scary! Only \$2.00. Circle No 12 in coupon.



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Here's a great one! Inspired by the HOUSE OF WAX, this mask will startle anyone who sees it. Half of the face appears to be melting onto the floor! Only \$1.49 Circle No. 14.



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This grinning, bone-colored skull has white hair and deep, black eyes to make it one of the scariest masks ever designed. Only \$1.49 Circle No. 15.



GORILLA MONSTER

Imitation black hair and a mouth full of gorilla teeth make this ape mask a real horror creation. Be the King Kong of your neighborhood. Only \$1.49 Circle No. 16.

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COVERS ENTIRE HEAD!

This horrifying heavy rubber mask was worn by our Frankenstein on the cover of Famous Monsters #1. It's the Super De-Luxe version of our Frankenstein face mask and covers the entire head. Impossible to tell who you are when you wear this eerie green Hollywood shocker! Has red lips, scars and silver bolts on neck & forehead. Black hair. Only \$3.98. Circle No. 17.



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SIDE VIEW

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Greenish, terrifying likeness of famous Kharis, covered with rotting bandages. Eerie yellow teeth & blue green eye sockets. Very authentic. Only \$1.49 Circle No. 22.

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Draw a circle around the number of each item you want:

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Original Frankenstein mask—the kind used in Hollywood. Green with red lips and scars. Silver bolts on neck and forehead. Only \$2.00 Circle No. 18.

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SIZE—9-3/4" x 11-1/4"**

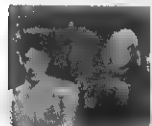
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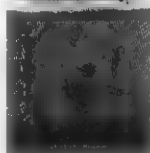
The Phantom of the Opera

By Gaston Leroux



A world famous story of terror and suspense reprinted word for word from the original. Every thrill is here. The macabre curse that hangs over the Opera House. The mystery of the box that no one will ever enter. Here is the complete story in all its greatness.

THE FIEND IN YOU



In the long reaches of the night, have you ever cringed in a knot, curdled with terror at something remembered, something you nearly did, or wanted to do? All roots of abysmal terror and monstrous evil lie in the human mind . . . and this is the fiend in you.

WAR OF THE WORLDS



A story so real it sent 20th Century Americans screaming into the streets. Here is a novel of the future so real, that four decades after it was written, a radio presentation by Orson Welles caused a national near-panic. One of H. G. Wells' best stories.

DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS



These hideous triffids roaming the ruins of the earth. A long green lash whips out . . . a man screams as he falls. There is a terrible silence in the city, the streets are totally deserted. The one noise that breaks the stillness is the strange rustle of the triffids in search of man.

THE INVISIBLE MAN



One of the world's greatest suspense thrillers. It tells of the strange—and evil experiment of a man whose scientific genius carried him beyond the pale of humanity. Written by the one and only H. G. Wells, it was the basis for the classic motion picture starring Claude Rains.

BURN WITCH BURN



Witchcraft in the 20th Century. Norman Taylor thought it was absurd for his beautiful wife, Tansy to believe in black magic. He made her throw her potions, charms, amulets into the fire. Then his troubles began. Easily the most frightening and the most convincing of all modern horror stories.

GHOSTS & THINGS



Eleven weird tales from the world of the undead. Here are stories of those who die and will not lie still. Of spirits that walk the earth in search of strange quests to fulfill. Included are stories by Arthur Machen, Henry James, Saki, Robert L. Stevenson.

TERROR BY NIGHT



Ghouls, werewolves and vampires are, of course, not real beings . . . are they? The dead do not walk by night . . . or do they? Here is an absolutely authentic, scientific study of that which made men not only believe, but behave as though they were . . . ghouls werewolves and vampires.

TWISTED



For those who enjoy the best in horror . . . stories by Poe and Lovecraft. For those who enjoy off-beat masterpieces . . . stories by De Maupassant and Stephen Crane. For those who enjoy the sinister in science fiction . . . stories by Bradbury and Sturgeon. Fifteen weird masterpieces.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU



Moreau . . . the name was familiar. A brilliant surgeon who'd been forced to leave England when the story of his cruel experiments became public. And now he was here, on this forsaken island. . . . What could it mean, these crates of live animals, a locked enclosure, a notorious vivisection, and these crippled, & distorted men?

MORE NIGHTMARES



"FEAR exists. It lurks in the shadows of a lonely night; in the untenanted house and the tenanted tomb; it is at home in all the dark places, including those of the human mind and there are times when we must admit its pressing presence, acknowledge its existence in order to make our own more bearable. It forms the basis of all my work

CIRCUS OF HORRORS



A ruthless surgeon . . . creating personalities for his own fiendish ends. Behind the glittering facade of his famous circus, a sinister plastic surgeon built a world of horror, probing deeper and deeper into the mysteries of his craft

THE SHRINKING MAN



The man's name was Scott Carey. Eighteen months earlier, he had begun to shrink, and no doctor in the world could stop it. He was six inches tall the day the Black Widow spider swung down from the shadows and came scrambling across the concrete at him on giant, spiny legs . . .

JACK the RIPPER



It was a weird theory. The criminologist and the psychiatrist had proven that the Ripper, who had once preyed on London's women, was roaming Chicago . . . waiting to make a "sacrificial murder" as his stars moved into the kill pattern. The theory led them to a wild and shocking party.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN



A masterpiece of horror! The million-copy best-selling thriller about a young scientist—and his weird experiments with a live brain with the immortal power of evil! On this classic suspense story was based the famous film DONOVAN'S BRAIN. Its celebrated author, Curt Siodmak, has written many science-fiction novels.

WITCHES, WARLOCKS AND



WEREWOLVES

Rod Serling's Triple W: Witches, Warlocks & Werewolves. TWELVE horrifying tales for the demon in you collected by the man who wrote Stories from the Twilight Zone. Witches have fun! Warlocks have privileges! Werewolves have the last word!

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Nine great tales of horror by Fritz Lieber, Jr. Bone-chilling stories of ancient evils who come to life wherever and whenever violent human emotions call them into being, to feast on the grisly terror of their hapless victims. Sheer mayhem! Real terrors that exist in large cities! Read this one at your own risk!

ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE



NEW

Once again, ZACHERLEY dares to present a magnificent collection of superior horror stories. This selection will chill, edify, delight and paralyze — spicing them (as Zacherley always does) with ghoulish humor, the result is sheer mayhem. An excellent

INVISIBLE MEN



Invisibility is an idea which has enchanted mankind for ages — and is the perfect blueprint for exciting horror. No wonder that some of the finest writers have written on this theme! Among the very best are stories in this paperback.

THE GHOUL KEEPERS



who knows — how to catch a vampire? the thing ghosts want most? how to really saw a woman in half? what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Ghoul Keepers know and so will you, when you read this collection of nine stories.

DEALS WITH THE DEVIL



Have you ever considered making a deal with the devil to gain your most eager desires? And yet not finally have to pay the score? Here is a collection of 12 terrifying tales about those who did — and those who succeeded.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED



Here is a great story of children fathered by fiends unknown, blinding, blazing-eyed monsters who could be our masters tomorrow. The terrifying original story that was made into the hit MGM movie — one of the outstanding films of the year. Enough to scare the bravest reader!

THE DOLL MAKER



A tale of piercing terror about the agony of a poor victim who cannot escape the strange mastery of an egomaniac practicing unknown horrors. A graphic, emotional short novel of weird and chilling characters that seem absolutely real — by a new author of frightening tales: Sarban. Don't miss this!

SOME OF YOUR BLOOD



Another great modern horror story by Theodore Sturgeon — one of the most exciting authors of the terrible tale. Here is a short horror novel that reaches a haunting intensity. A brilliant novel of modern times that will play fantastic tricks with your imagination. The best from the master of fantasy!

ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS



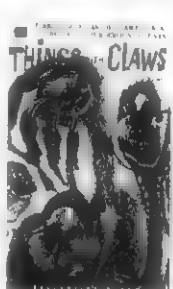
Zacherley's own choice of short stories featuring a brew of ghouls, vampires, ghosts & creatures as horrible as you would want to meet — with special cheering notes on each from old Zach himself.

THE OTHER PASSENGER



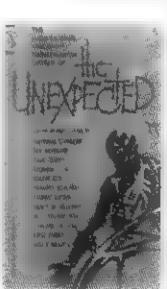
Selected short stories, calculated to chill the blood. Like the hero of The Other Passenger, you suddenly feel beyond the yellow circle of your reading lamp there's something waiting, waiting to pounce. The bristles on the back of your neck rise up, a shiver runs down your spine . . .

THINGS WITH CLAWS



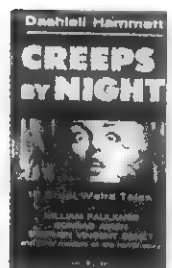
Here's one we could not put down until the last page was read! An absolutely fascinating collection of stories having to do with "clawed creatures with murderous motives." Truly terrifying tales of worlds we dream about but wouldn't want to visit — and the creatures that inhabit these dream worlds!

THE UNEXPECTED



you ever wonder what hobbies an undertaker has? What it could cost to become the richest man in the world? It's all here in 11 chilling stories. The monsters and hexes, grim demons and gay. Cute fiends at horrible play — some cheerful, some scary . . .

CREEPS BY NIGHT



These are very special tales of horror. They are introduced by the late Dashiell Hammett, called by The New York Times one of America's greatest craftsmen of suspense. They include masterpieces by the most renowned experts of terror. They will give you hours of "deliciously shocking" reading. These weird tales are for the true horror fan.

THE MACABRE READER



Dance of Death, that fearsome carnival of the skeletons, weaving their gruesome evils in and out of the lives of the living, summarizes the essence of each of these shock masterpieces. Here are stories of terror from the lingering horrors of ancient Egypt to the unnamed monsters of the frigid cold and the tropic jungle.

MORE MACABRE



Specially designed to curdle your blood . . . That's this book. We call it MORE MACABRE, because that's what it is. The stories selected here are as ghoulish as any you'll find in print anywhere. They are the kind that will seek out that special little point of fright hidden in your soul — and prod it out, shrieking, in to the night.

GREATEST ADVENTURE



When a sea captain brought a baby dinosaur to the home of a wealthy, brilliant scientist, it triggered off an expedition that well deserves the title of THE GREATEST ADVENTURE. For the trail of that little creature led straight into the unexplored, quake-shaken Antarctic to a lost world overrun with monsters!

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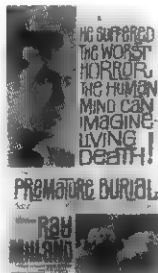
"The Monster Awakes. The artificial body I had constructed with such rare lay lifeless before me. My goal was in sight. I began to read the thrilling, chilling words of this masterpiece just as it was written in the original manuscript."

DRACULA



He was a vampire. To live, this mysterious nobleman had to have the elixir of life, sucked from the veins of the living. This extraordinary horror tale tells the story of people caught in the spell of Count Dracula's strange powers.

PREMATURE BURIAL



As Guy Carrell's coffin was laid to rest, his brain screamed—"I am not dead!" But life remained only in his fevered mind, in his tormented eyes. To those at his graveside—including his beautiful bride Emily—Guy Carrell was a corpse.

SARDONICUS



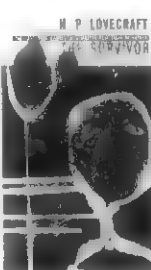
SARDONICUS — what was the secret that kept his house in terror? SARDONICUS — why did he wear a mask? SARDONICUS — had his wife ever seen his face? SARDONICUS — who was this man? A TALE OF GOTHIC HORROR AND MONSTROUS DEEDS

NINE HORRORS



Another chiller from our paperback Chamber of Horrors contains NINE super-horrific nightmares brought to grinning life by Joseph Payne Brennan. One of the best books FM's Editors have come upon in a long time! Guaranteed to entertain the true horror fan.

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The last 7 stories of the great master craftsman of the unknown. Two novelettes and 5 stories which give you an overall look at the macabre world of Lovecraft... the fantasies, New England horrors, the Cthulhu Mythos. A treasure of the supernatural.

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M. Russell Wakefield presents a series of stories in the realm of the supernatural which are all the more nerve-chilling because they have their roots in reality. Great tales of the macabre and the unexplainable that will hold you in their spell!

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ENTER THE WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL teeming with very special denizens of its own, so rich in gory variety that the heart thuds loud, sweat breaks, the cringing mind searches shudderingly for the next ghastly manifestation in this tome of terrifying stories.

RINGSTONES



Buried deep in the reaches of vast antiquity lie the ancient customs, the vicious games, the laws of the privileged lords and his enslaved minions. Sorban's preoccupation is chiefly with the remote brooding past but jealously invades the present through the sanity of the heroine.

SHADOWS WITH EYES



Horror Comes in Many Guises... not all of them easily recognizable—at least not as easily as the conventional ghoul, or witch, or ghost. Fritz Leiber is a past master of terrifyingly unrecognizable phantoms—unrecognizable, that is, until too late...

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The will, conceived in hatred, demanded that Elizabeth Stone & two male cousins occupy Witch House for an allotted time in order to inherit a fortune... and the evil ghost of Miss Saral stalked the house in the dead of the night to torment her would-be heirs.

TALES OF TERROR



Grim, ghostly, spine-chilling, nerve-racking horror in three terrible tales you will remember with shuddering dread every time you're alone in a dark house or on a deserted street listening to the whispering, ominous sounds of night.

PIT & THE PENDULUM



A castle that torture built, whose dungeon walls still sweated blood... A family terrorized by the awful secret they shared and the man who challenged a nightmare—and dared to face its horror, alone.

LOVE & HORROR



A magnificent collection of horror stories to chill the grisly in heart Edited by Don Congdon, this paperback is one of the best in the Ballantine Chamber of Horror Series. If you liked SARDONICUS—you'll love this one!

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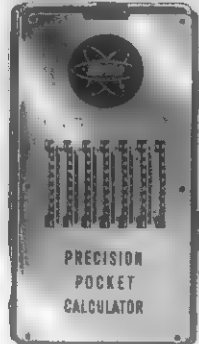
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A 5 piece set that consists of 1 flashlight-screwdriver, 3 screwdriver bits, and one plastic storage roll. Here is a novel screwdriver that gives you light where and when you need it. Special molded plastic lens for extra strength. Chrome-plated seamless case with rugged design that permits rapid blade change. Only \$1.00 plus 25c postage and handling.

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At last, you can have your very own Hollywood MYSTERY-MAN type MASK. The amazing head mask is all genuine wool, double stitched with felt lining for real comfort. For convenience, the mouth flap snaps open or shut. The mask is held in place by elastic head bands, while the special wool collar drapes down over the shoulders. Use your mask to:

- 1) Make a movie, with yourself starring as the "Mysterious Avenger!"
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- 3) Protect your face against freezing cold weather! Act right now and send for YOUR very own BRAND NEW mask. Only \$1.00 each plus 25c for postage and handling.

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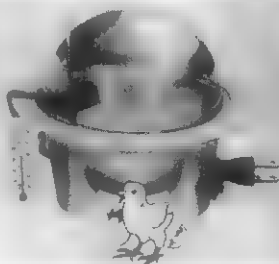


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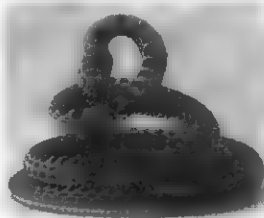
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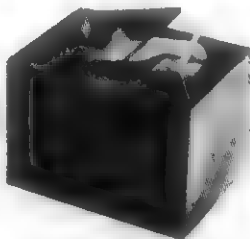
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ON IT! FLOAT IN WATER
WITH IT! HAVE FUN
WITH IT!**

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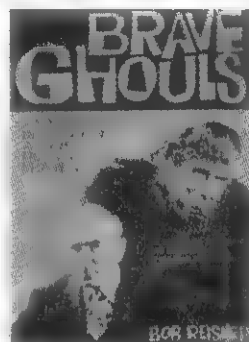
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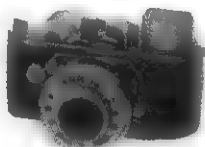
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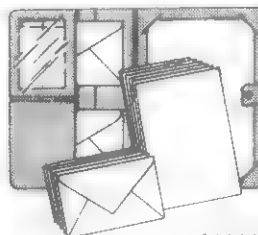
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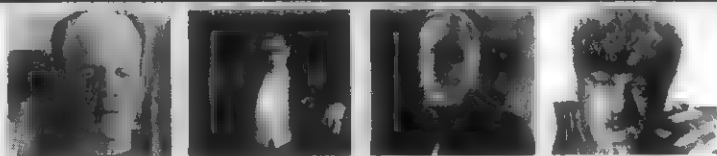
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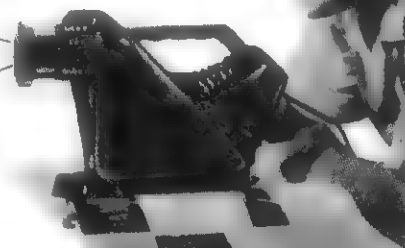
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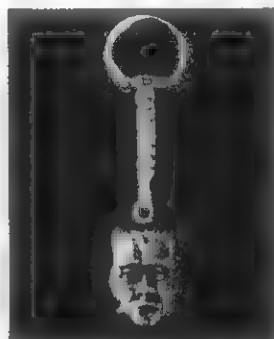
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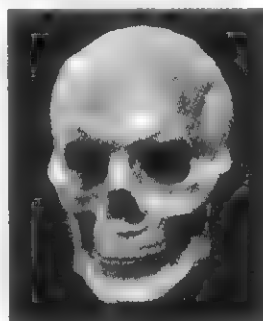
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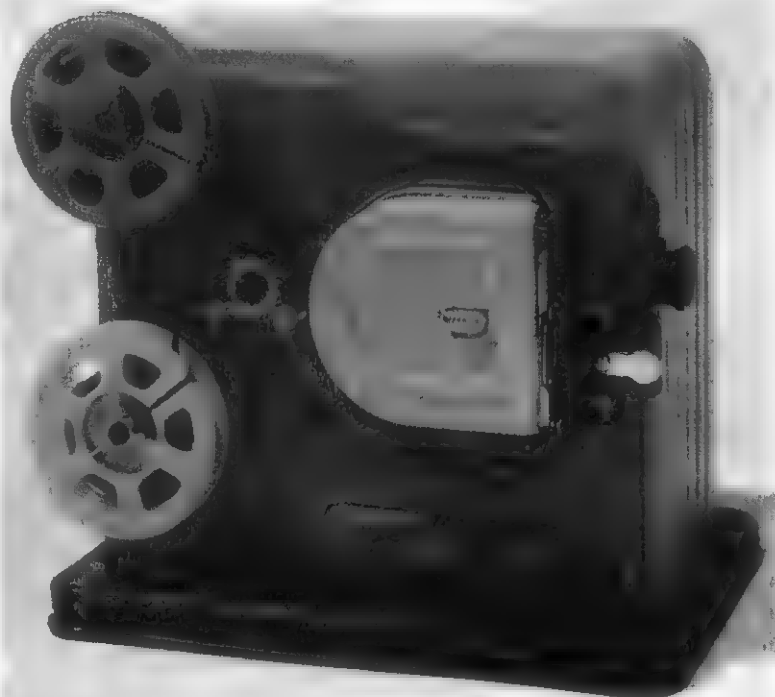
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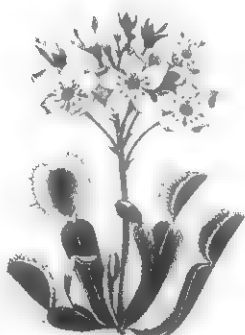
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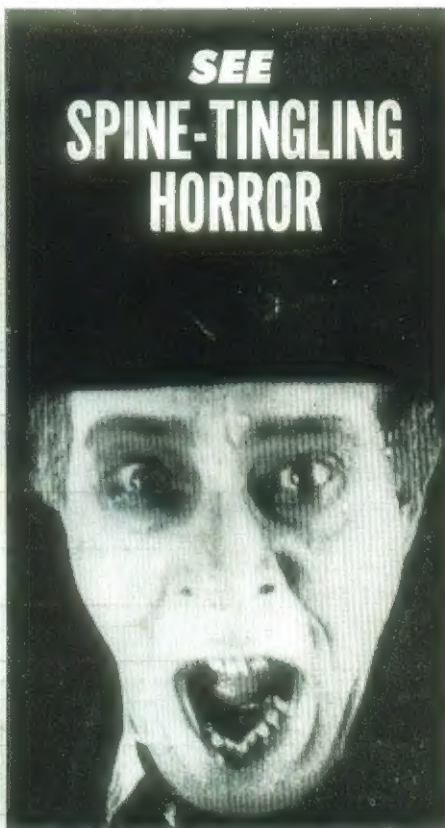
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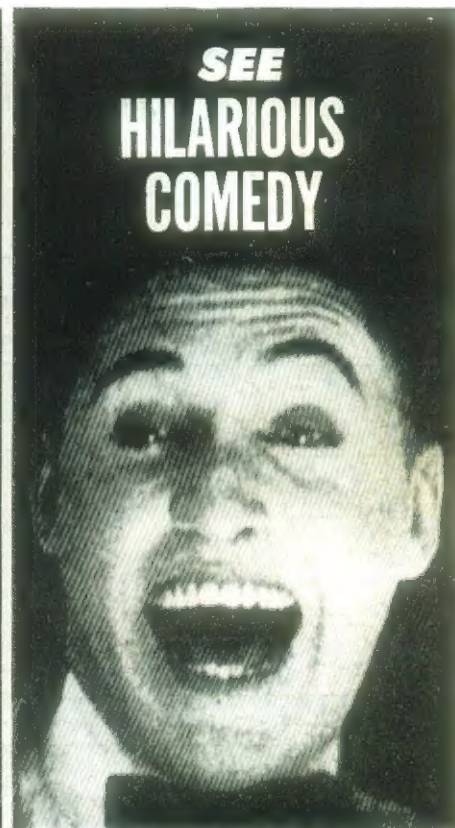
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AND

SPROUT



A close-up photograph of a green praying mantis. The mantis is positioned vertically, with its head at the top. Its front legs are raised and clasped together, holding a small, dark-colored insect. The mantis's body is green with some reddish-brown markings on its thorax. Its wings are folded against its body. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light purple or pink.

TEACHBUG

**And on
the 8th
day.....
GOD
created
scanners!**